
No. 89 BOY COMMANDOS
A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION
IND
The BATMAN
Detective
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COMICS
JULY
10¢
On Guard!
HERE COMES THAT SWASHBUCKLING SWORDSMAN AGAIN—
The Cavalier of Crime!

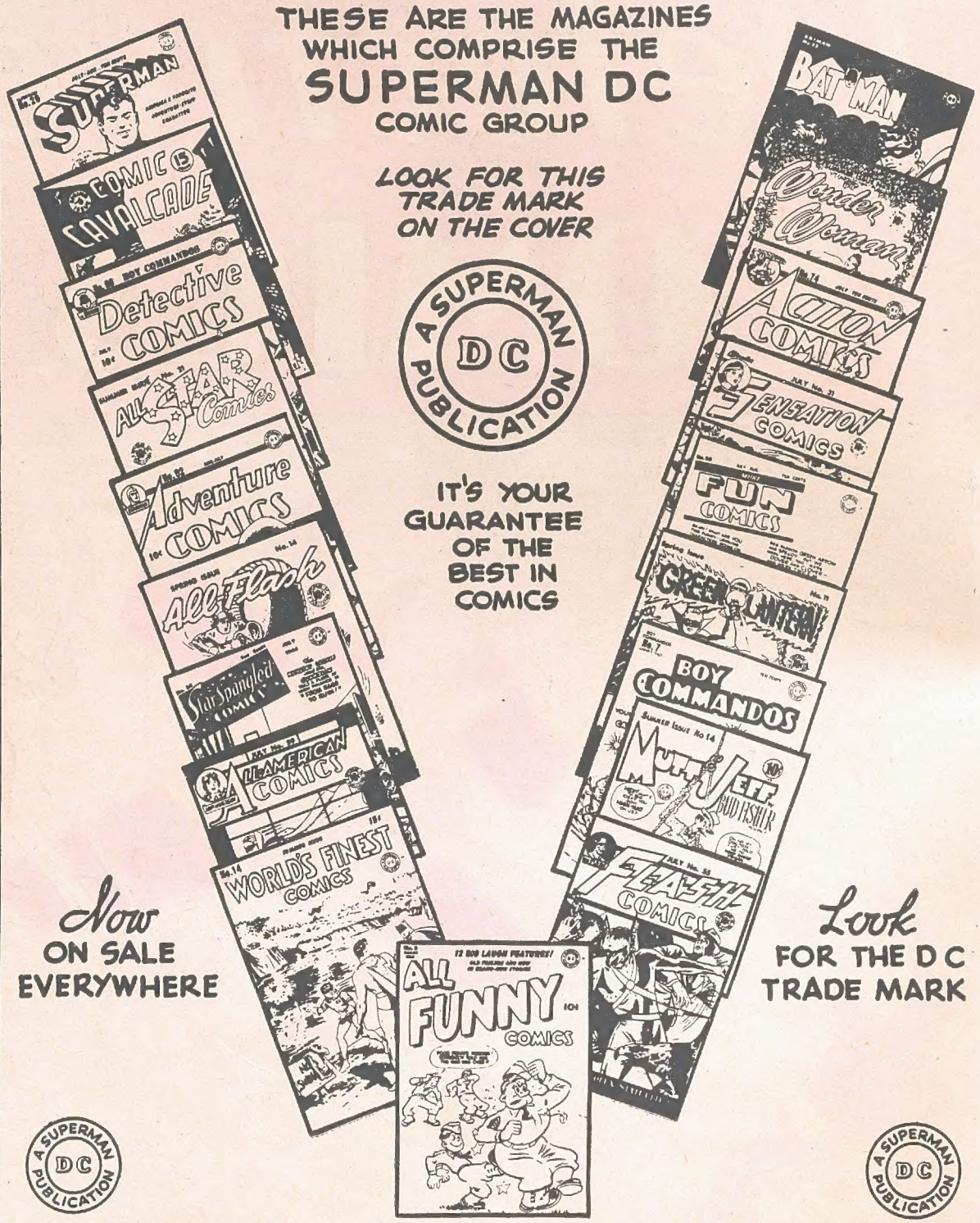
TOPS IN COMICS!

THESE ARE THE MAGAZINES
WHICH COMPRISE THE
SUPERMAN DC
COMIC GROUP

LOOK FOR THIS
TRADE MARK
ON THE COVER

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE
BEST IN
COMICS



Now
ON SALE
EVERYWHERE

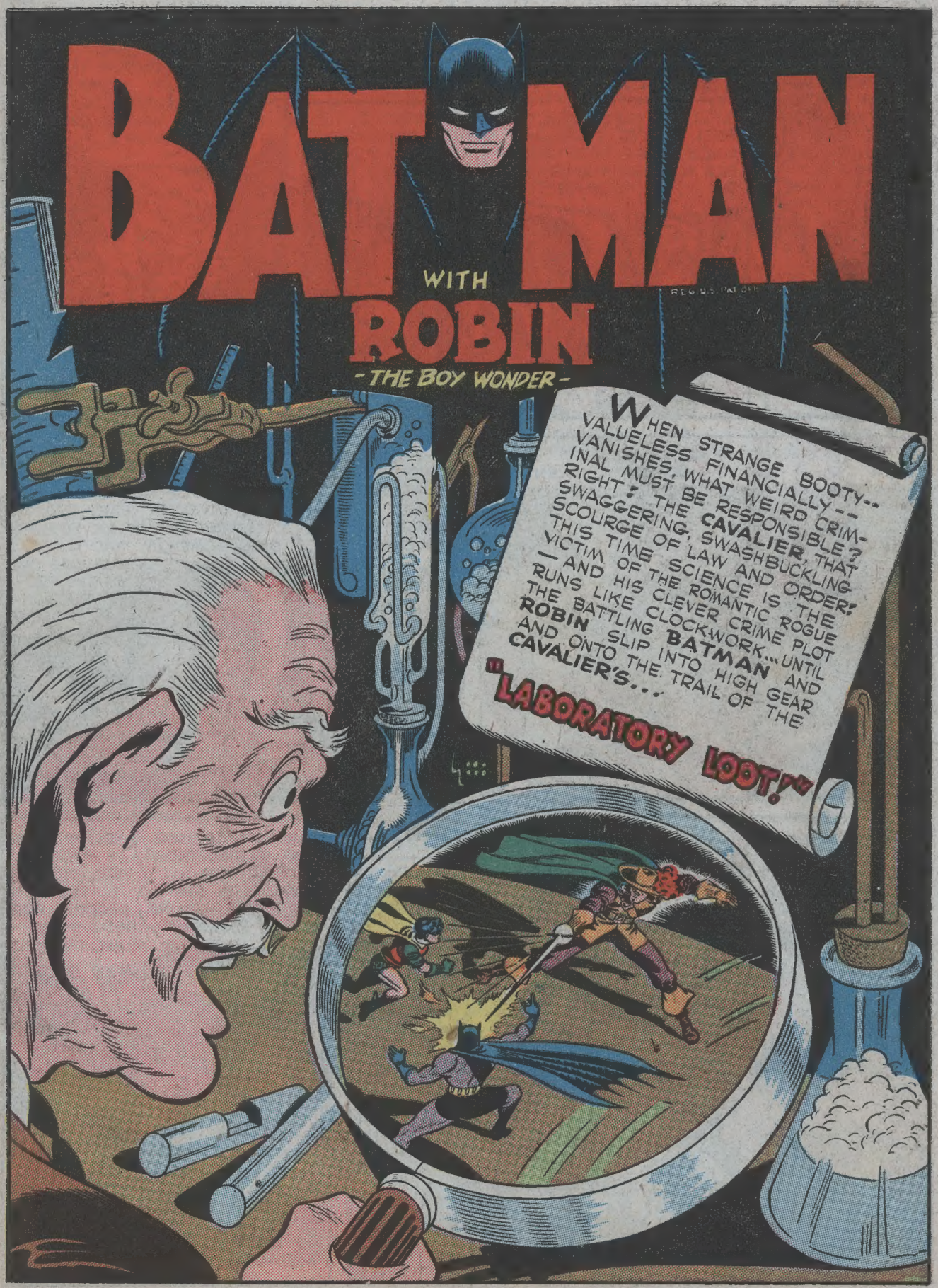
Look
FOR THE D C
TRADE MARK

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

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BAT MAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WHEN STRANGE BOOTY--VALUELESS FINANCIALLY--VANISHES, WHAT WEIRD CRIMINAL MUST BE RESPONSIBLE? RIGHT! THE CAVALIER, THAT SWAGGERING, SWASHBUCKLING SCOURGE OF LAW AND ORDER! THIS TIME SCIENCE IS THE VICTIM OF THE ROMANTIC ROGUE — AND HIS CLEVER CRIME PLOT RUNS LIKE CLOCKWORK...UNTIL THE BATTLING BATMAN AND ROBIN SLIP INTO HIGH GEAR AND ONTO THE TRAIL OF THE CAVALIER'S...
"LABORATORY LOOT!"

FATE PLAYS MANY PRANKS, BUT NONE AS GRIMLY HUMOROUS AS THIS—TO SEAT TWO SWORN ENEMIES SIDE BY SIDE—BRUCE WAYNE, IN REALITY THE **BATMAN**, AND MORTIMER DRAKE, IN REALITY, THE ***CAVALIER!***

HERE THEY BOTH ARE, IN THE EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY CLUB WHERE DR. HELMAR HELSTROM, FAMOUS INVENTOR—MEMBER, HAS DROPPED IN FOR A VISIT . . .

IT'D BE WONDERFUL TO FEEL YOU'VE DONE AS MUCH AS DR. HELSTROM—BUT RATHER TIRING TO DO IT, EH, DRAKE?

YES, VERY! LIKE YOU, I PREFER TO HAVE FUN, WAYNE!

YOU PLAYBOYS IRRITATE ME! I WOULDN'T TRADE A SINGLE HOUR IN MY LABORATORY, WORKING ON MY INVENTIONS, FOR THE WHOLE OF YOUR LIVES!

NOW, DR. HELSTROM, THAT'S GOING A BIT TOO FAR!

NOT AT ALL, DRAKE! IT WAS FUN FOR ME TO INVENT ONE OF THE EARLIEST SEWING MACHINES AND TYPEWRITERS... WHICH REMINDS ME, THERE'S A LITTLE SECRET I CAN LET YOU IN ON THAT WON'T BE RELEASED UNTIL TOMORROW!

OH-OH!

I HOPE HE DOESN'T BLURT OUT ANYTHING ABOUT THE SECRET WORK HE'S DOING FOR THE GOVERNMENT!

I HAVE FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN BUYING THE WORKING MODEL OF THE TYPEWRITER I INVENTED YEARS AGO! IT SLIPPED OUT OF MY POSSESSION SOMEHOW, AND ALL I HAD WAS ONE OF THE PRODUCTION MODELS!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! I ASKED THE COMMISSIONER TO LET ME HELP PROTECT HELSTROM'S SECRET INVENTION, AND I THOUGHT THE OLD MAN WOULD TALK TOO MUCH!

GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN! TAKE MY ADVICE AND TRY TO BE USEFUL TO HUMANITY!

SOME OTHER TIME, PERHAPS! I'M ENJOYING MYSELF TOO MUCH NOW!

YOU LEAVING EARLY TOO, DRAKE?

YES, WAYNE—BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

WELL, WELL! THIS HAS INDEED BEEN A PROFITABLE EVENING FOR THE CAVALIER!

AMUSING CODGER, THAT DR. HELSTROM! BUT RATHER A BORE WITH HIS ETERNAL PRATTLING ABOUT SCIENCE!

YES, I'M AFRAID HE MADE ME VERY DROWSY! SO I'LL BE HEADING FOR BED! GOOD NIGHT, DRAKE!

AND SO TWO MORTAL ENEMIES PART... LITTLE SUSPECTING THAT SOON EACH WILL BE LOCKED IN VIOLENT COMBAT WITH THE OTHER—AS THE MIGHTY **BATMAN** AND THE WILY ***CAVALIER!***

PRESENTLY, AT THE DRAKE HOME...

THIS IS ONE PRIZE THE BATMAN WILL NOT CHEAT ME OF!..

WORKING MODEL OF HELMAR HELSTROM TYPEWRITER

FOR THE CAVALIER STRIKES TONIGHT!

SOON, A SHADOWY SHAPE STALKS STEALTHILY INTO THE DARK LABORATORY OF THE NOTED SCIENTIST...

BY MY FAITH, I CAN SCARCELY WAIT UNTIL I HAVE IT IN MY POSSESSION!

BUT UNKNOWN TO HIM, A PHOTO-ELECTRIC BEAM FORMS AN INVISIBLE GUARD AT THE WINDOW...

...AND HIS ENTRY HAS BROKEN THE CIRCUIT!

A LIGHT FLASHES ON A BOARD AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

SOMEONE'S BROKEN INTO THE HELSTROM LABORATORY! CALL THE BATMAN IMMEDIATELY!

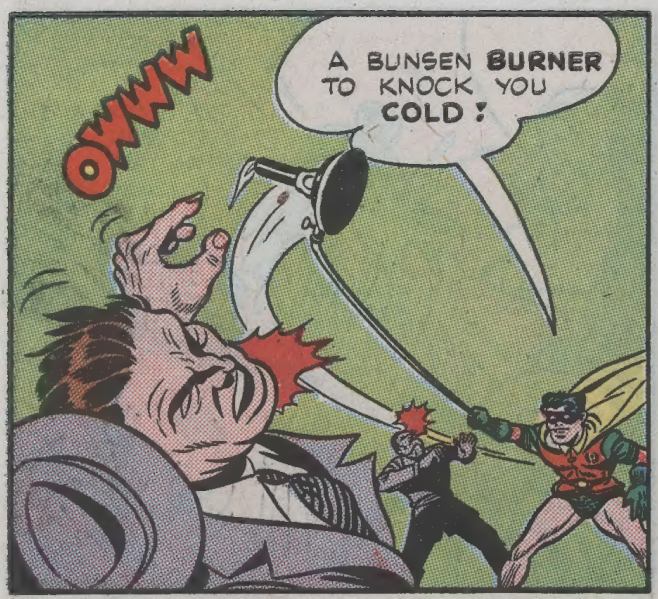
YES SIR!

AND THE NEXT INSTANT ... ACROSS THE SKY BLAZES THE SUMMONS THAT STRIKES FEAR DEEP INTO THE HEART OF CRIMEDOM—CALLING THE BATMAN!

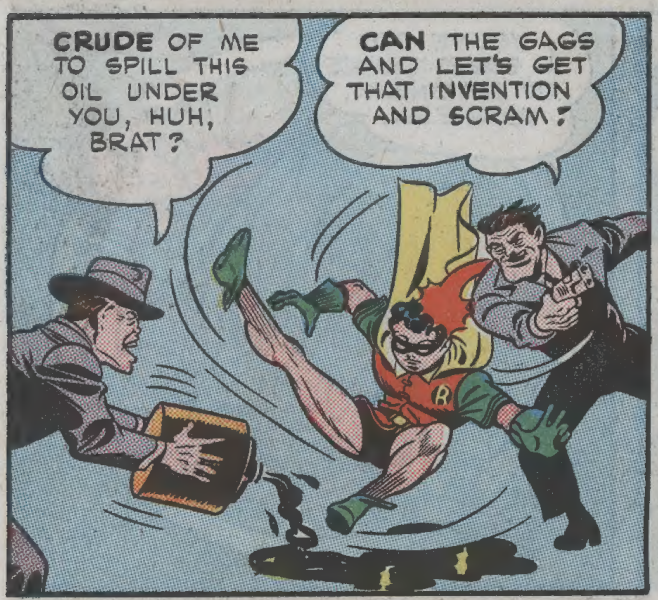
AND MILES AWAY, LIKE A RUNAWAY COMET, THE BATMOBILE STREAKS INTO ACTION!

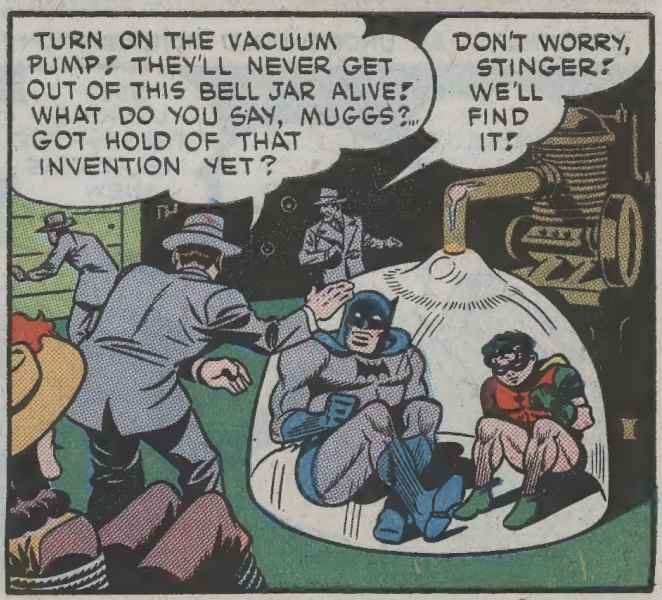

SOON...
LOOK, BATMAN! IN THE LABORATORY!
A FLASHLIGHT! LET'S GO, ROBIN!
ZOUNDS, MY NEMESIS! IS THERE NO WAY OF ELUDING YOU?
YES... IN PRISON! AND THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
CLICK
FIRST, A LITTLE SOFTENING-UP PROCESS!
SOFTENING-UP? HE'LL BE MUSH WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH HIM!
BUT THE CAVALIER RETREATS — IN HIS OWN RESILIENT FASHION!
THEN... AN UPWARD LEAP... AND HIS ELECTRIC-CHARGED SWORD LEAPS FROM ITS SCABBARD!
SPEAK NOT SO SURELY! OR DO MY ACTIONS SHOCK YOU?
OUCH!
HERE'S SOMETHING NEW FOR YOU, CAVALIER — AN ELECTRO-MAGNET TO SNATCH AN ELECTRIC SWORD!
CLANK!
PESTE! DISARMED!
4

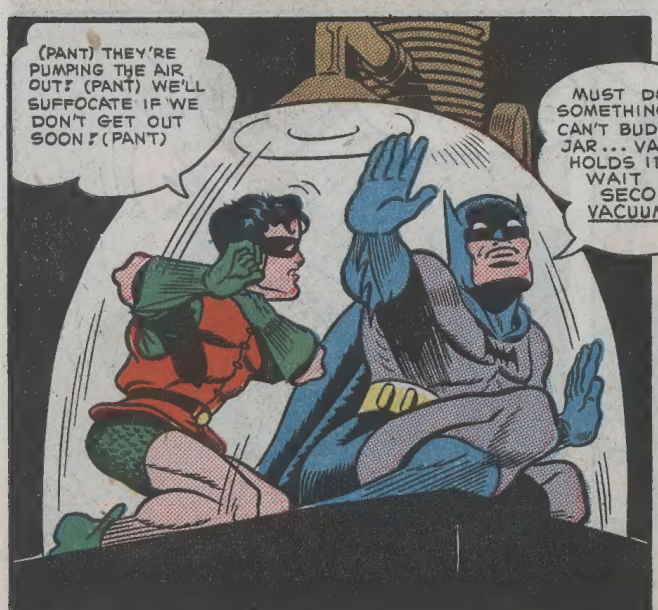

BUT ONLY MOMENTARILY! THIS WINDOW POLE CAN BE AN EXCELLENT MAKESHIFT JAVELIN! OBSERVE...
UH-UH! I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS DEMONSTRATION!
THERE WON'T BE ANY!
SUDDENLY... AN UNDERWORLD INTERRUPTION!
PARBLEU!
STINGER SLOANE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
JUST LOOKING, THANKS—FOR HELSTROM'S NEW INVENTION!
YOU'VE GOT A SWEET CHANCE OF GETTING IT, SLOANE!...
WHAT'S THIS, CAVALIER? FIGHTING ON OUR SIDE?
TEMPORARILY, MON AMI, TO DEFEAT THESE FOUL THIEVES!
TEMPORARY IS RIGHT... BUT WE'LL DO THE DEFEATIN'!
5


OWWW
A BUNSEN BURNER TO KNOCK YOU COLD!

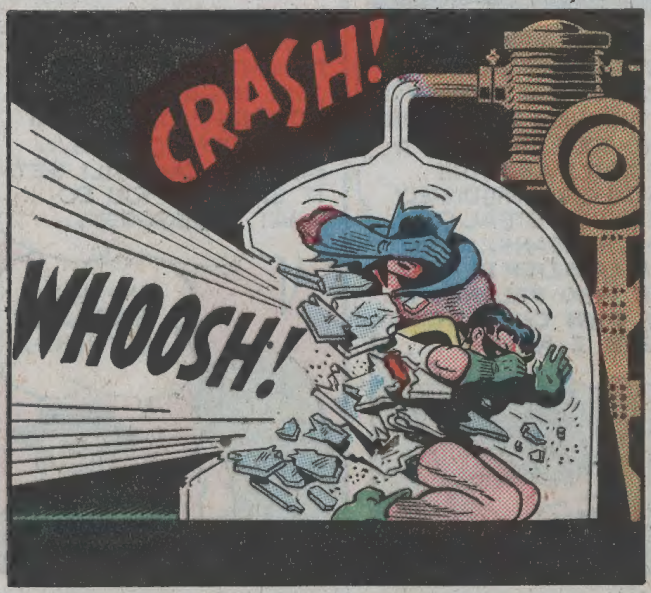

AND THEN...
ENJOY YOUR TRIP, BATMAN!

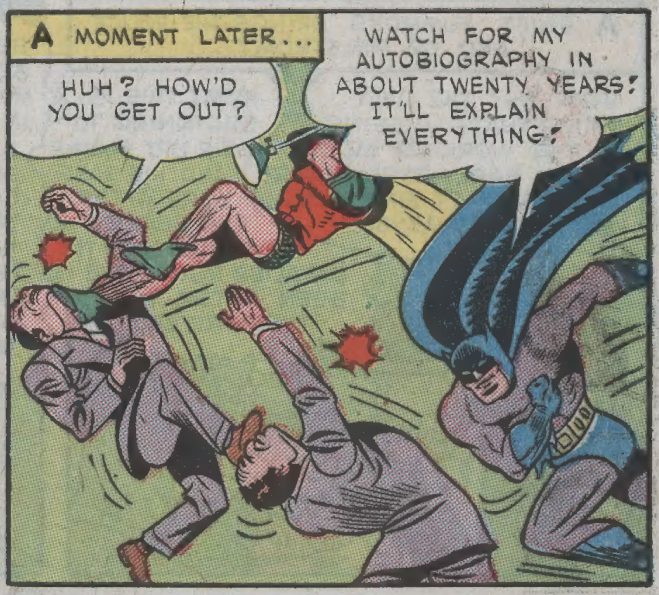

CRUDE OF ME TO SPILL THIS OIL UNDER YOU, HUH, BRAT?
CAN THE GAGS AND LET'S GET THAT INVENTION AND SCRAM!

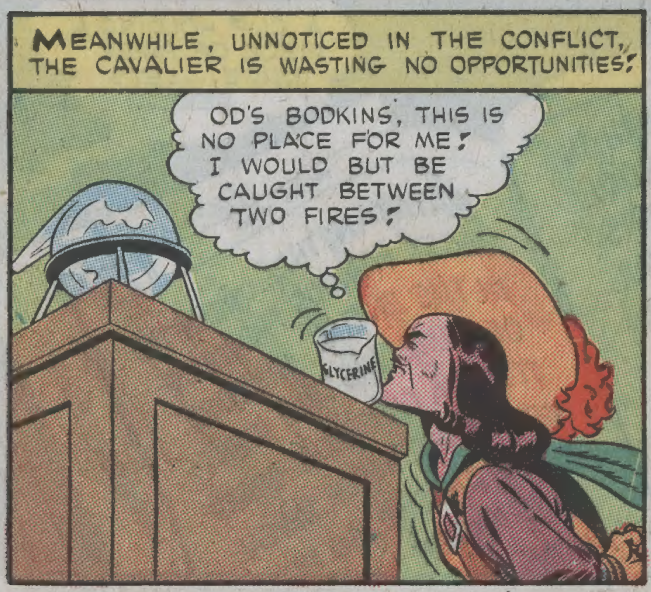

TURN ON THE VACUUM PUMP! THEY'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS BELL JAR ALIVE! WHAT DO YOU SAY, MUGGS?... GOT HOLD OF THAT INVENTION YET?
DON'T WORRY, STINGER! WE'LL FIND IT!

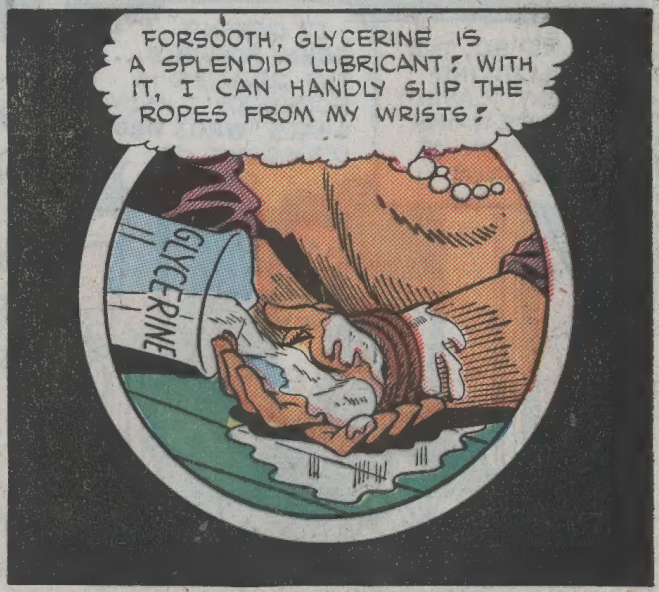

(PANT) THEY'RE PUMPING THE AIR OUT! (PANT) WE'LL SUFFOCATE IF WE DON'T GET OUT SOON! (PANT)
MUST DO SOMETHING! (PANT) CAN'T BUDGE THE JAR... VACUUM HOLDS IT— — WAIT A SECOND! VACUUM...

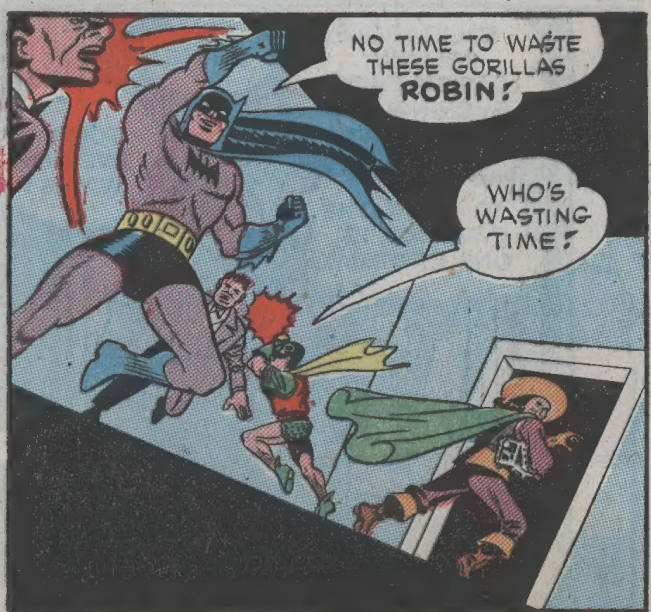

FROM HIS UTILITY BELT, BATMAN EXTRACTS A DIAMOND-TIPPED TOOL...
Y-YOU DON'T HAVE STRENGTH ENOUGH (PANT) TO CUT THROUGH THAT GLASS!
I DON'T— DON'T NEED TO! (PANT) IF I CAN JUST WEAKEN IT (PANT) AIR PRESSURE ON THE VACUUM WILL DO THE REST! COVER YOUR FACE!


CRASH!
WHOOSH!


A MOMENT LATER...
HUH? HOW'D YOU GET OUT?
WATCH FOR MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN ABOUT TWENTY YEARS! IT'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!


MEANWHILE, UNNOTICED IN THE CONFLICT, THE CAVALIER IS WASTING NO OPPORTUNITIES!
OD'S BODKINS, THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME! I WOULD BUT BE CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO FIRES!
GLYCERINE


FORSOOTH, GLYCERINE IS A SPLENDID LUBRICANT! WITH IT, I CAN HANDLY SLIP THE ROPES FROM MY WRISTS!
GLYCERINE


NO TIME TO WASTE THESE GORILLAS ROBIN!
WHO'S WASTING TIME!


NOW? TO TAKE CARE OF OUR GAUDY FRIEND!.. WHERE IS HE?
GONE!

A SWIFT SUMMONS BRINGS THE POLICE AND DR. HELSTROM!

HEAVENS! THE ONLY THING THAT'S MISSING IS THE WORKING MODEL OF MY EARLY TYPEWRITER! BUT WHY! IT ISN'T WORTH ANYTHING TO ANYBODY BUT ME!

HMM! THIS IS BEGINNING TO TIE UP! SLOANE AND HIS GANG WERE AFTER THE SECRET INVENTION, AND THE CAVALIER MUST HAVE BEEN AFTER THE TYPEWRITER!

HELSTROM MENTIONED GETTING THE WORKING MODEL OF THE TYPEWRITER IN THE CLUB THIS EVENING, AND TOLD US IT WAS A SECRET! AND THE CAVALIER IMMEDIATELY TRIED TO STEAL IT! WHICH MEANS... **THAT THE CAVALIER IS SOMEONE WHO BELONGS TO MY OWN CLUB SOMEONE I KNOW!**

I HEARD THAT YOU MENTIONED IN YOUR CLUB TONIGHT THAT YOU HAD JUST RECEIVED THE WORKING MODEL! THAT WAS VERY FOOLISH... BUT YOU CAN STILL GET IT BACK, IF YOU DO WHAT I SUGGEST...

ANYTHING, **BATMAN!** ANYTHING!

AND SO, THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE STOPS IN AT HIS CLUB...

IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE... THE CAVALIER IS SOMEBODY I KNOW!.. WHAT'S **"WHO'S WHO"** DOING OFF ITS SHELF?...

A CLIP HOLDING A PIECE OF PAPER INSIDE... LET'S SEE...

S BORN IN SCHOOL N 1915 E WAR OTED ING S

WHO'S WHO

BATMAN, THE...ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS FIGHTERS IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF CRIME! HIS TRUE IDENTITY IS A CAREFULLY GUARDED SECRET, NEVER REVEALED TO ANYONE, SO FAR AS IS KNOWN! AMONG H

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Insert after Caldwell, R.W.

CAVALIER, THE... HANDSOME, DASHING, GALLANT, HIS IDENTITY AS CLOSELY GUARDED AS THE BATMAN'S, THE CAVALIER IS DESTINED TO BECOME THAT FAMOUS CRIME-FIGHTER'S MOST DANGEROUS FOE, OUTRANKING EVEN THE JOKER AND THE PENGUIN!

THOUGH HIS CAREER HAS NEWLY BEGUN, HE HAS ALREADY MADE IT

43

...'S WHO

THE

THE EGOMANIAC COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION OF INSERTING HIS BIOGRAPHY IN **"WHO'S WHO!"** I WAS RIGHT! HE **IS** A MEMBER OF THIS CLUB! BUT WHO?

SALUTATIONS, FELLOW LOAFERS! GOOD EVENING, DR. HELSTROM!

HI, BRUCE!

GOOD EVENING, WAYNE!

TO THINK, THE CAVALIER IS ONE OF THEM!

CAREFULLY FOLLOWING THE **BATMAN'S** INSTRUCTIONS, DR. HELSTROM CASUALLY BEGINS TALKING...

QUEER THING HAPPENED LAST NIGHT! REMEMBER MY TELLING YOU ALL ABOUT THE WORKING MODEL OF MY EARLY TYPEWRITER I RECENTLY RECEIVED? WELL, SOMEONE TRIED TO STEAL IT A LITTLE LATER!

MUST WATCH THEIR FACES! ONE MIGHT BETRAY HIMSELF!

SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENED THAT I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO REVEAL! BUT ABOUT THE TYPE-WRITER... THE ONE THAT WAS STOLEN WAS AMONG THE FIRST OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINE! I HADN'T UNPACKED THE REAL MODEL YET AT MY HOME!

THAT WAS LUCKY!

YES, IT CERTAINLY WAS!

NO GO! THE CAVALIER'S TOO CLEVER TO— WHAT'S THAT?

STRANGE, THAT BLUE STAIN ON THE BACK OF THAT HAND! IT COULDN'T HAVE COME FROM WORK-- HELSTROM IS THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO USES HIS HANDS AT ALL!

VERY STRANGE! THE CAVALIER MAY HAVE GIVEN HIMSELF AWAY, AT THAT!

LATER, AT THE WAYNE RESIDENCE...

SO YOUR LITTLE STUNT DIDN'T BRING HIM OUT IN THE OPEN, EH?

NO! BUT NOW THAT HE THINKS HE GOT A TYPEWRITER THAT ONLY CAME OFF THE LINE, HE'S SURE TO GO BACK FOR THE ONE HE BELIEVES IS THE REAL MODEL!

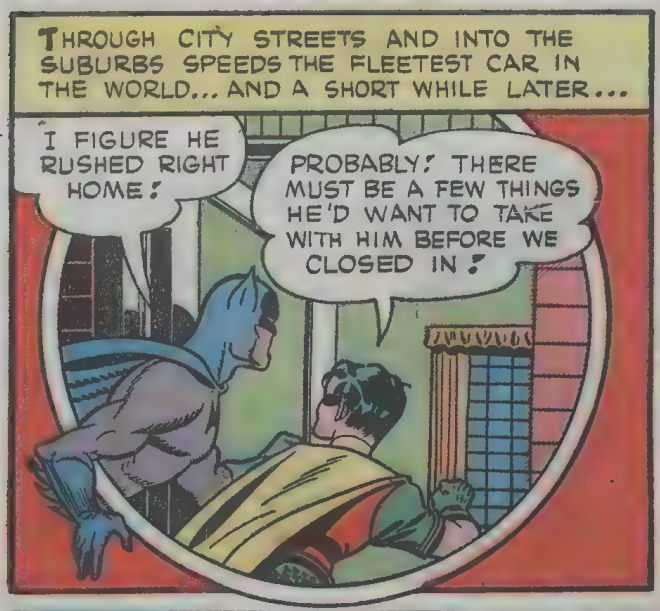
AND THAT BLUE STAIN ON THE BACK OF THAT HAND— MAYBE WE'RE CLOSER TO KNOWING WHO THE CAVALIER IS THAN WE THINK!

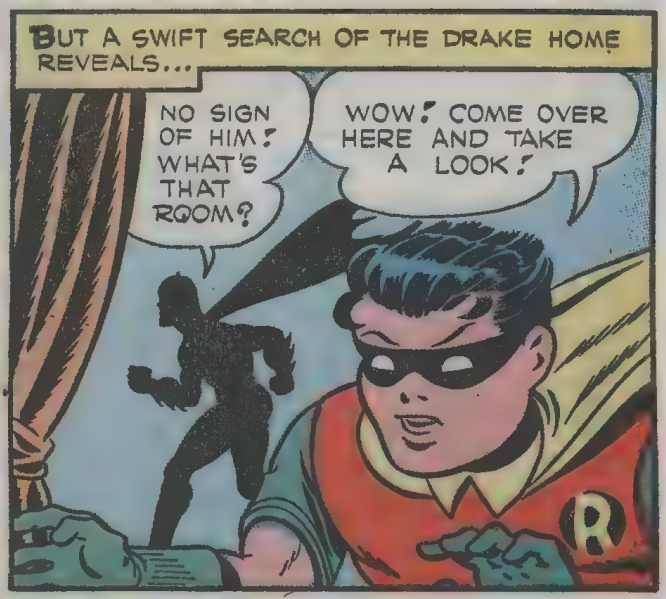
REMEMBER THAT BOTTLE YOU THREW AT HIM? IT BROKE AND SPILLED ALL OVER HIS GLOVE! IF THAT STUFF COULD SOAK THROUGH AND STAIN SKIN... THEN THE MAN WITH THE STAINED HAND IS THE CAVALIER!

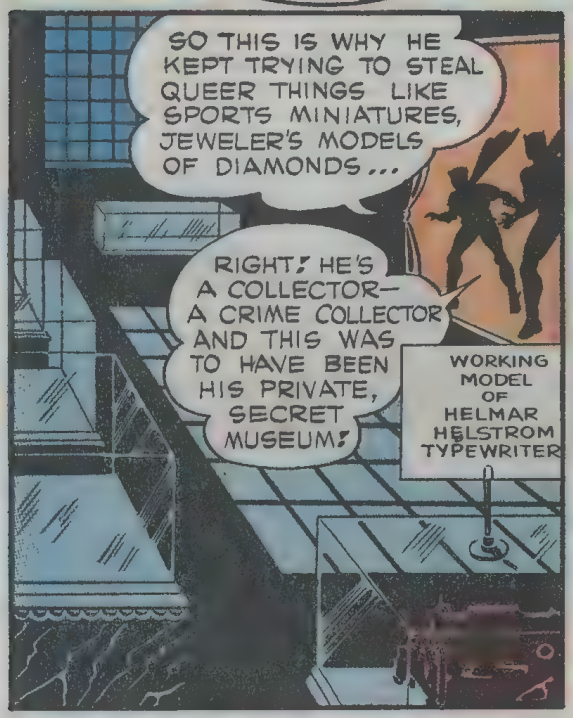
GOLLY! LET'S ASK DR. HELSTROM AND MAKE SURE!


SOON, IN THE AGED SCIENTIST'S HOME...
DR. HELSTROM, ROBIN SMASHED A CHEMICAL BOTTLE IN YOUR LABORATORY LAST NIGHT! DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT IT CONTAINED?
WHY, YES! POTASSIUM FERROCYANIDE IN AN IRON CHLORIDE SOLUTION! I HAD A TERRIBLE TIME CLEANING IT UP! IT'S A VERY POWERFUL BLUE DYE, YOU KNOW!
THEN I WAS RIGHT! THAT STAIN WAS THE COLOR PRODUCED BY THE SOLUTION IN THAT BOTTLE!
WHO IS HE? QUICK!
YOU'LL SEE IN A LITTLE WHILE! HE'LL BE HERE SOON TO GRAB WHAT HE THINKS IS THE GENUINE WORKING MODEL!.. AND YOU'D BETTER STAY IN SOME SAFE PLACE, DR. HELSTROM! THERE'S GOING TO BE FIREWORKS IN THIS ROOM!
I CAN'T WAIT!
THE MINUTES MOVE SLOWLY PAST AS THE CAPED FIGURES WAIT IN DARKNESS! AND THEN, FURTIVELY...
TONNERRE! A BITTER PILL INDEED... TWO ROBBERIES TO ATTAIN A SINGLE ITEM!
SUDDENLY...
AND THE ONLY THING YOU'LL GET THIS SECOND TRIP, CAVALIER, IS A TRIP TO PRISON!
BY MY FAITH, YOU TWAIN AGAIN!
RIGHT! AND THIS TWAIN ALWAYS MEETS.. ALL COMERS, FIST-FIRST!
I DEFEAT NOT THIS EASILY!

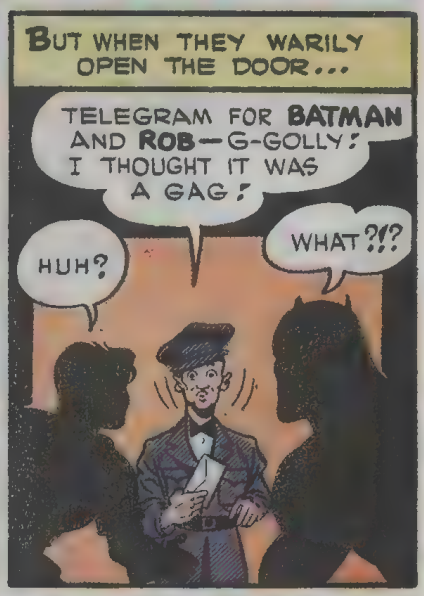

JUST A MINUTE, CAVALIER! BEFORE YOU TRY TO KNOCK ME OUT WITH THAT CHAIR, I THINK I OUGHT TO TELL YOU I KNOW WHO YOU ARE— MORTIMER DRAKE!
WHAT? HOW? WHO?...
IF WE NEED ANY MORE PROOF—
—HERE IT IS!
AND NOW, IF YOU DO OR DON'T MIND, I'LL FLATTEN YOU AND HAUL YOU OFF TO PRISON!
OH, NO! YOU'VE TRACKED DOWN MY IDENTITY, BUT YOU WON'T CAPTURE ME!
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, YOU DON'T COME EQUIPPED WITH GAS-MASKS!
(COUGH) I'M STRANGLING!
AN AMMONIA BULLET! (COUGH!)
AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES OF TEARFUL AGONY...
HE'S SKIPPED OUT ON US AGAIN!
BUT THIS TIME WE KNOW WHERE TO CATCH HIM! C'MON!
11


THROUGH CITY STREETS AND INTO THE SUBURBS SPEEDS THE FLEETEST CAR IN THE WORLD... AND A SHORT WHILE LATER...
I FIGURE HE RUSHED RIGHT HOME!
PROBABLY! THERE MUST BE A FEW THINGS HE'D WANT TO TAKE WITH HIM BEFORE WE CLOSED IN!

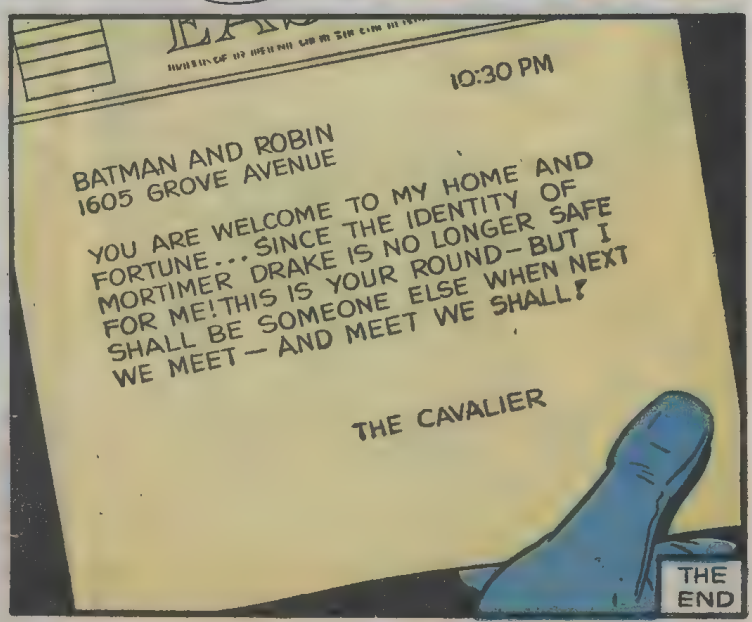

BUT A SWIFT SEARCH OF THE DRAKE HOME REVEALS...
NO SIGN OF HIM! WHAT'S THAT ROOM?
WOW! COME OVER HERE AND TAKE A LOOK!

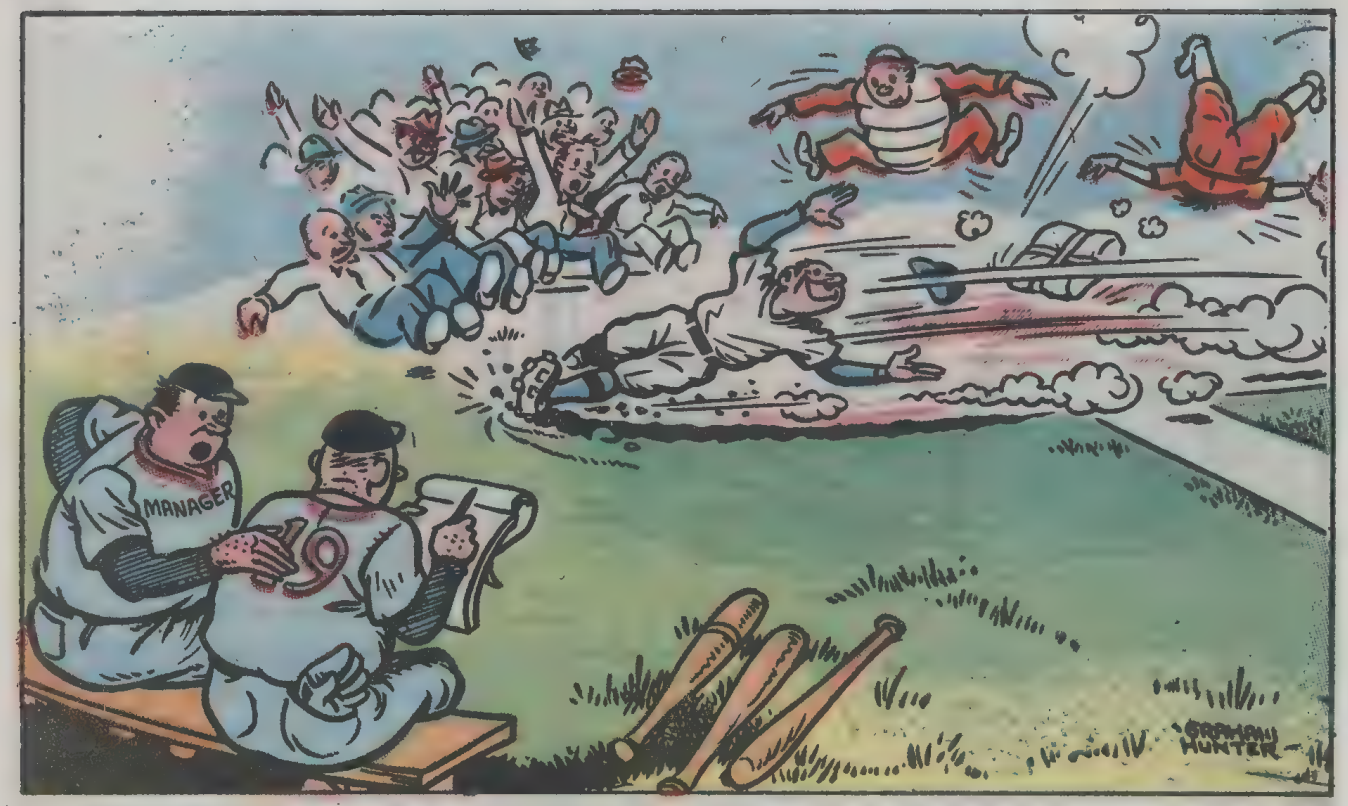

SO THIS IS WHY HE KEPT TRYING TO STEAL QUEER THINGS LIKE SPORTS MINIATURES, JEWELER'S MODELS OF DIAMONDS...
RIGHT! HE'S A COLLECTOR— A CRIME COLLECTOR AND THIS WAS TO HAVE BEEN HIS PRIVATE, SECRET MUSEUM!
WORKING MODEL OF HELMAR HELSTROM TYPEWRITER


JUST THEN...
R-R-RING!
THERE'S THE DOORBELL!
CAREFUL! IT MAY BE A TRAP!


BUT WHEN THEY WARILY OPEN THE DOOR...
TELEGRAM FOR BATMAN AND ROB—G-GOLLY! I THOUGHT IT WAS A GAG!
HUH?
WHAT?!?


HOW'D ANYBODY KNOW WE WERE HERE? WHO'S IT FROM?
JUST A SECOND...
12


10:30 PM
BATMAN AND ROBIN
1605 GROVE AVENUE
YOU ARE WELCOME TO MY HOME AND FORTUNE... SINCE THE IDENTITY OF MORTIMER DRAKE IS NO LONGER SAFE FOR ME! THIS IS YOUR ROUND—BUT I SHALL BE SOMEONE ELSE WHEN NEXT WE MEET—AND MEET WE SHALL!
THE CAVALIER
THE END



"Order 'The Flash' another carton of Wheaties."

THE "OLD ZIPPER" THAT MARKS A STAND-OUT BALL PLAYER MAY BE NOTHING MORE THAN PEAK PHYSICAL FITNESS, AND THE EXTRA "ZING" THAT GOES WITH IT. TIP-TOP CONDITION INVOLVES EATING RIGHT...STARTING WITH BREAKFAST. AND MANY OF THE BIG LEAGUE'S FLASHIEST STARS HAVE BUILT THEIR FIRST IMPORTANT MEAL AROUND A HEAPING BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



GOOD NOURISHMENT IN WHEATIES... ALL THE WIDELY-KNOWN FOOD VALUES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. GOOD FLAVOR IN WHEATIES... A WINNING "SECOND-HELPING" FLAVOR THAT'S NUT-SWEET AND TANGY. GOOD FUN IN WHEATIES... CRACK EATING PLEASURE THAT HELPS YOU START THE DAY WITH PLENTY OF "GO-GET-'EM" SPIRIT.

YES, SIR! IT'S HARD TO BEAT A BREAKFAST THAT LEADS OFF WITH MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT...STREAMLINE TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 696, MINNEAPOLIS, 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MILLS, INC.

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH FRUIT AND MILK

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

THREE-RING BINKS

HIGH PRESSURE BOOKING AGENT DE LUXE FOR ALL AND SUNDRY CIRCUS, CARNIVAL, OR MEDICINE SHOW HEADLINERS.

LEND ME YOUR EYES, CHUM, - YOU ARE NOW GAZING UPON THE ONE AND ONLY ORIGINAL, SAHIB EL ASTICOLA! THE GUARANTEED HUN'NERT PERCENT INDIA RUBBER CHAMP FROM E-RAY-SHUR PROVINCE, IND-YAH, SAH - I CRAVE A SHORT "STRETCH" OF WORK FOR MODERATE FEES, AND WILL BOARD OUT... DO I GET THE JOB?

SO YOU THINK YOU'RE A TOP-BRACKET RUBBER MAN, EH, BUB? LISTEN, SIT DOWN AND ERASE YOURSELF FOR A MINUTE AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT A RUBBER MAN WHO WAS SO GOOD THAT HE **FINALLY RUBBED HIMSELF OUT COMPLETELY!!**

SNAP!

SNAP!!

"ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO I WAS LAZY-DAISYING THROUGH THE SOUTHWEST COUNTRY MANAGING A LITTLE 2-BY-4 CARNIVAL WHEN ONE DAY A STRANGE HOMBRE LIPS TO ME AND SAYS -- AND I QUOTE..."

HIYA, RANDOLPH, - OR IS YOUR NAME, RANDOLPH? --NO MATTER -- ARE YOU OPEN FOR A MILLION DOLLAR NOVELTY ACT?

I YAM THAT, BUT WAIDAMINUTE, DO YOU SMELL RUBBER BURNING?

SNIFF!

I DO -- SLIGHTLY! AND IT'S RIGHT HERE IN MY BRIEF-CASE -- SHOULDN'T HAVE PUT THE "ACT" ON YOUR RADIATOR!

" WITH THAT, HE FLIPS OPEN HIS BRIEF-CASE, AND OUT BOUNCES..

PUT 5 AND 5 TOGETHER, PAL, MY NAME'S RUBBERINO!

YOU'RE OUT FOR THE DAY NOW, SONNY BOY, SO GO INTO YOUR FULL STRETCH!

YOWZAH, MR. MCFUDDY!

"-- WELL, SIR, IN 1:25 FLAT THAT BRIEF-CASE SHRIMP HAD HAULED HIMSELF UP TO AN EVEN SIX FEET OF RUBBERIZED FLEXIBILITY! I SIGHNED HIM UP IMMEDIATELY... "

BUT STOP ME ON THE WAY UP WHEN I REACH AN EVEN SIX FEET, PAL!

STRETCH!

STRETCH!

SIGN RIGHT ON THE DOTTED LINE, CHUM, AND ONE OF US WILL MAKE A FORTUNE-- EVEN IF IT ONLY HAPPENS TO BE ENTIRELY ME!

WHAT A BREAK YOU'RE GIVING YOU!!

HE WAS AN ALL-OUT STANDING-ROOM-ONLY SENSATION FROM THE VERY START-NOT ONLY BEING THE GREATEST SINGLE CHUNK OF RUBBER IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD, BUT ALSO DOUBLE-JOINTED!

"--WE PLAYED TO PACKED HOUSES FOR TWO SOLID MONTHS AND-- THEN IT HAPPENED!"

WHAT A RUBBER-NECKER!

RUBBERINO THE ALL-RUBBER BEHEMOTH OF BURMA HE'S SURE TO GET YOU ON THE 2ND BOUNCE

HEY BOSS, WAZZAMATTER WITH RUBBERINO? HE'S GOIN' ALL HAYWIRE-TEMPERAMENTAL. NOW HE WON'T DO HIS ACT BECAUSE THERE'S A GENT IN THE AUDIENCE WEARING A RUBBER-COLLAR!

OHO!-LIKE THAT, EH?


YOU HEARD ME, I'M SENTIMENTAL, I AM! HOW DO I KNOW THAT THAT RUBBER COLLAR WASN'T SOME DISTANT RELATIVE O' MINE?
SNAP OUT OF IT, Y' PRIMA DONNA, THE SHOW MUST GO ON!
"-- NEXT, WE WERE FORCED TO CONCEDE TO STILL FURTHER DEMANDS..."
WELL, HOWDA Y'LIKE THAT, HUH? SO I'LL GET PNEUMONY! SO I'LL SUE!
NOTICE -- PARK YOUR RUBBERS AND RUBBER BOOTS AT THE DOOR OR RUBBERINO WILL REFUSE TO PERFORM (PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY)
"..BUT HE CONTINUED TO JAM THEM IN, SO-O - WHO WERE WE TO BE INSULTED WITH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN DAILY PROFITS?"
"-- IN A FEW DAYS, HOWEVER, HE SUDDENLY SUNK INTO A BLUE MOOD AGAIN! THIS TIME WORST THAN EVER..."
THAT SEN-SAT-ION-AL HUMAN FREAK OF TOTAL GUTTA-PERCHA, RUBBERINO, IS RIGHT NOW IN HIS LONGEST STRETCH OF THE SEASON, FOLKS! DON'T MISS HIM, HE'S COLOSSAL!
WHAT'S UP NOW, PALSY-WALSY! TELL OL' POPSY-WOPSY?
NOTHIN'S WRONG WITH ME SENOR, THAT A LIL EXTRA FOLDING MONEY WON'T CURE, I AM SURE!
"-- SO ANOTHER SUBSTANTIAL RAISE ($2 WEEKLY) PUT HIM RIGHT BACK IN THE GROOVE AGAIN AND THE TINKLING SHEKELS CONTINUED TO POUR IN AS USUAL..."
"THEN CAME THE SPRING, AND THEN CAME WHAT LOOKED LIKE ROMANCE! THEN WE BEGAN TO WONDER IF 'BETTINA, THE BEARDED BEAUTY' HAD FOCUSED HER PERMANENT WAVY WILES ON RUBBERINO?
HAW- I'LL TAKE THIS BIRD ANY TIME ON THE SECOND BOUNCE!
RUBBERINO HE'S ALWAYS A CHAMP IN THE STRETCH!
ASK ME NO QUESTIONS, I TELL YOU NO LIES!
3

"..DUKE GOURMETICA, OUR SWORD-SWALLOWER, SOON DISPELLED THAT ILLUSION HOWEVER ..."

OH YEAH? WELL, JUST LET ANYONE TRY IT, SEE! AND I'LL CARVE OUT ANOTHER CAREER, SEE! SHE'S MINE!! SEE!

"..THE SHOW WAS GRADUALLY MOVING EAST BY THIS TIME, AND WE FINALLY PARKED IN A PLACE CALLED CARBON CENTER, A GREAT PENCIL MANUFACTURING TOWN ..."

CARBON CENTER! ALL ASHORE WHO'S GOIN' ASHORE--

BINKS GREATEST CARNIVAL ON EARTH-- STARRING RUBBERINO

OUR PENCILS WRITE IN ANY LANGUAGE OKEY DOKE PENCIL WORKS

"..WE INSTANTLY NOTICED THAT A GREAT CHANGE SOON CAME OVER RUBBERINO! HE WENT IN FOR INTENSIVE DAILY TRAINING .."

WELL, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS-- A FELLER'S GOTTA EXERCISE HIS LIMBS AND STUFF, DON'T HE?

"--NEXT HE WENT ON A DOUBLE-DOUBLE DAILY DIET..."

I'M FATTENING UP AGAINST THE THREATENING RUBBER SHORTAGE, SO WHAT?

"..NEW DEVELOPMENTS HAPPENED THICK AND FAST FROM THEN ON ..."

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, BOSS-- EVERY SINGLE SPARE MINUTE HE HAS OFF HE SPENDS HANGING AROUND THAT PENCIL FOUNDRY?

HARUMPH! WE'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS--

DO IT LATER

4

THERE HE IS NOW--THE RUBBER KID HIMSELF! AND HE'S EVEN RUNNING ONE OF THEIR LATHES.!!

WELL, BATHE MY BROW! THE DECEITFUL, DOUBLE-CROSSING WEASEL!

"..THE END OF THAT WEEK, RUBBERINO HANDED IN HIS RESIGNATION -- WITH A VERY STARTLING STATEMENT TO BOOT..."

"GENTLEMEN, OR OTHERWISE, I AM HEREWITH, AND AS OF NOW, KISSING THE CIRCUS BUSINESS GOOD-BYE FOR THE LAST TIME AND FOREVERMORE! S'LONG FOR KEEPS AND A DOUBLE-BRONX CHEER!!

"-- LOSING OUR STAR ATTRACTION ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE LIKE THAT, NATURALLY OUR ONE-CYLINDERED LITTLE TENT SHOW SHUDDERED A SIGH, GULPED A LAST GASP, AND THEN FOLDED UP RIGHT THERE ON THE LOT..."

BULL-IEVE IT OR NOT THE SHOW'S CLOSED!

TENT FOR SALE

BIG TOP

WELL, THEN WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS RUBBERINO?

MY FRIEND, HE IMMEDIATELY BECAME AN EQUAL PARTNER IN THAT PENCIL FOUNDRY! NEXT I HEAR, THEY ELECTED HIM HEAD OF THE ENTIRE FIRM-- THEN HE **SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED**--AND--

--AND-- WELL YOU KNOW-- WITHOUT MY TELLING YOU -- WHAT THE HEAD OF A PENCIL IS, DON'T YOU?--

SOB!

SOB!

SA-AY -- IF HE DISAPPEARED ALL OF A SUDDEN IN THE PENCIL FACTORY-- SAY-- YOU-U-DON'T-- THINK---

?

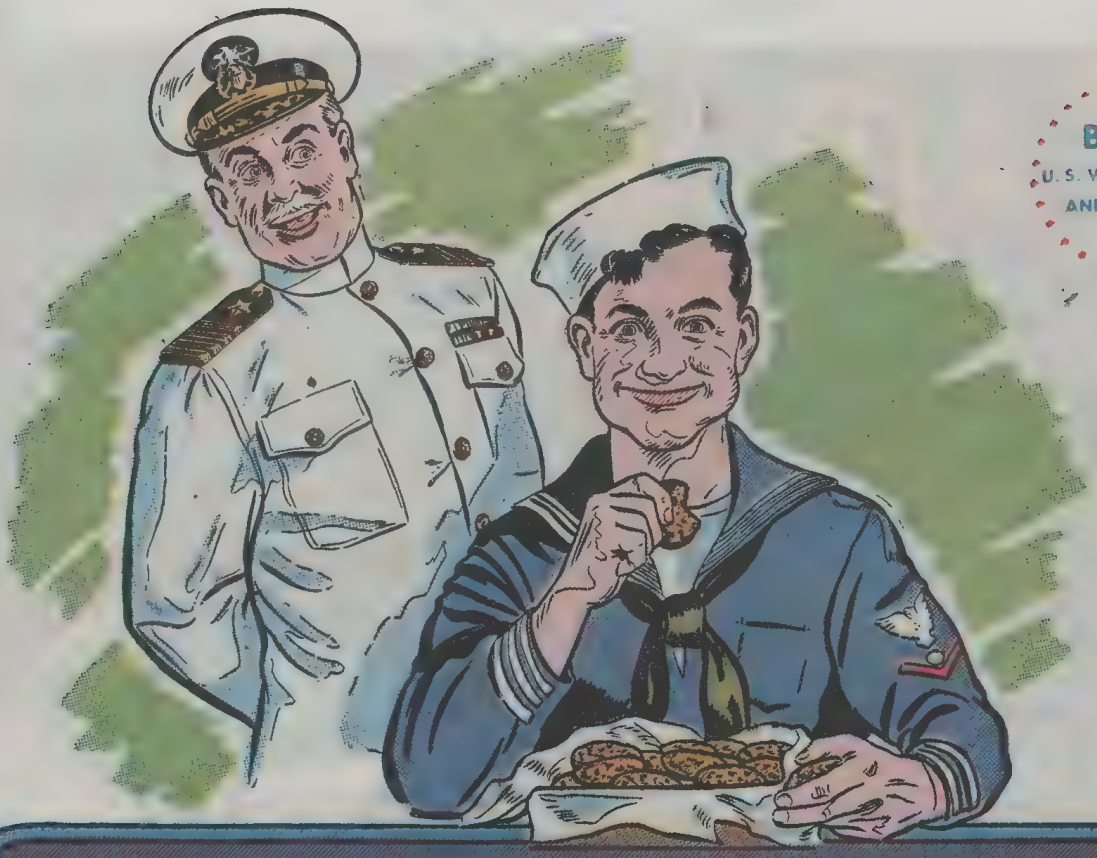
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I'VE OFTEN WONDERED, CHUM -- **OFTEN**-- COULD BE!!

HEY!-- WHERE Y' HEADIN', PAL?

HEH-HEH-HEH!

OWAH!!-- I'M GETTIN' ME ANOTHER JOB - AT **ANYTHING ELSE** BUT A **RUBBER MAN!**



BUY
U. S. WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

Baby Ruth candy makes delicious cookies

CURTISS CANDY
Baby Ruth
RICH IN DEXTROSE
CURTISS CANDIES

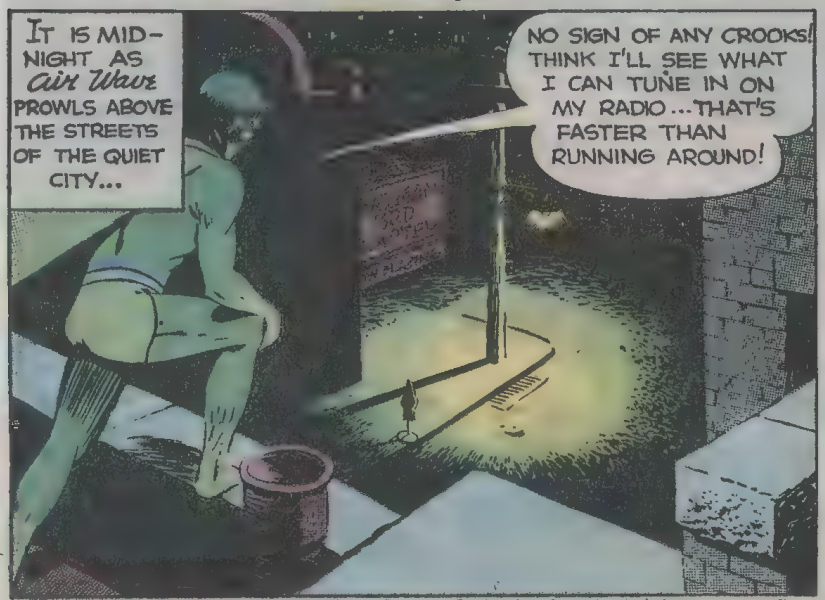
IF HE'S
IN AMERICA
SEND A BOX
TO THE BOY
IN CAMP

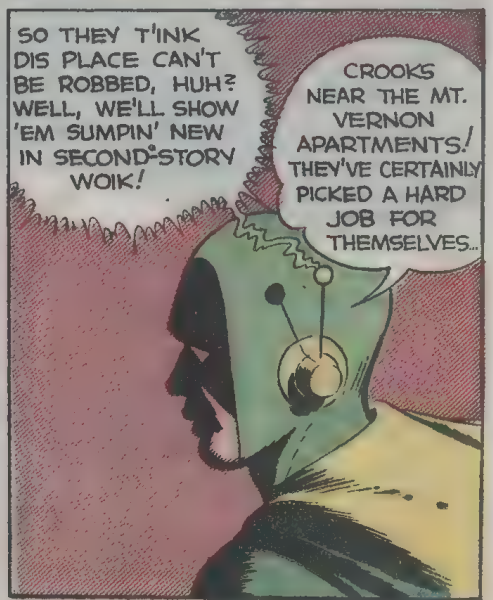
RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER



CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS


AIR WAVE
YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL THE WIZARD VERY LONG! AND WHEN MAYOR LOOBY HITS ON A SLICK BUT SAFE LOOBY SIMPLE CRIME SCHEME IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS PLUNGES HEADLONG INTO PERIL TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF

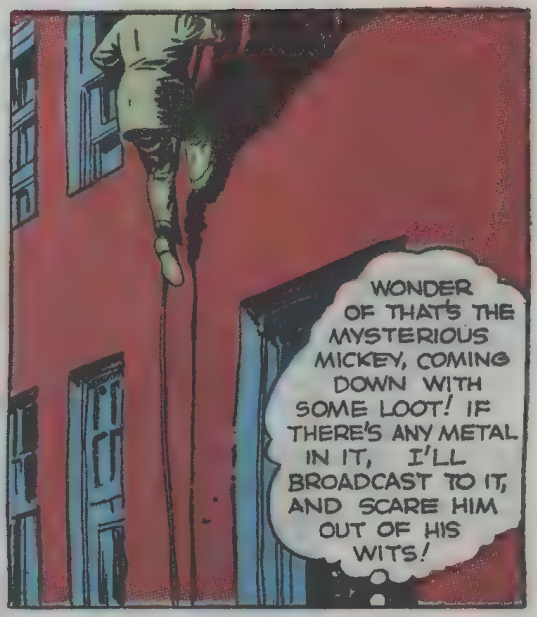

IT IS MIDNIGHT AS Air Wave PROWLS ABOVE THE STREETS OF THE QUIET CITY...
NO SIGN OF ANY CROOKS! THINK I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN TUNE IN ON MY RADIO...THAT'S FASTER THAN RUNNING AROUND!


SO THEY T'INK DIS PLACE CAN'T BE ROBBED, HUH? WELL, WE'LL SHOW 'EM SUMPIN' NEW IN SECOND-STORY WOIK!
CROOKS NEAR THE MT. VERNON APARTMENTS! THEY'VE CERTAINLY PICKED A HARD JOB FOR THEMSELVES...

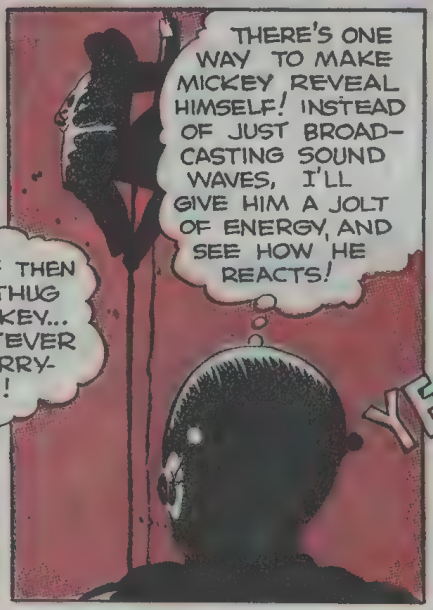

AS THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS IS ABOUT TO SWITCH OFF THE RECEIVER...
WHA...? WONDER WHAT THAT CAN BE! I'LL HAVE TO GET OVER THERE AND FIND OUT FAST!
Seconds later...
THERE ARE THE MT. VERNON APTS! NOW TO LOCATE THE CROOKS....
HELLO, AIR WAVE! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT? NO LONGER CHASING CRIMINALS?
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOING! THERE ARE SOME SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS AROUND, TRYING TO GET INTO THE BUILDING!
I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM, AND I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE EIGHT O'CLOCK! THEY DIDN'T COME THIS WAY!
THEY COULDN'T HAVE COME BY WAY OF THE ROOF BECAUSE THERE ARE NO NEARBY BUILDINGS TO COME FROM! THEY HAVEN'T DROPPED BY PARACHUTE, BECAUSE THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY PLANES!
THEY COULDN'T HAVE GOT PAST THOSE BARS INTO THE GROUND FLOOR!
AND THERE ARE NO LADDERS AROUND, SO I'M SURE THEY DIDN'T CLIMB UP TO A HIGHER FLOOR!
ALL THE SAME, I HEARD THEM TALKING NEAR HERE, AND NOW THEY'RE GONE! THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING.. THEY'RE INSIDE!
BUT YOU CAN'T AROUSE EVERYBODY IN THE HOUSE JUST ON THE CHANCE OF THAT! WHY, THERE ARE MORE THAN A HUNDRED TENANTS..
I'M NOT GOING TO AROUSE THE TENANTS! I'M GOING TO AROUSE THE CROOKS, AND MAKE THEM TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE!
2


WHAT DOES THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO PLAN? WE CAN LEARN BY TURNING OUR ATTENTION TO A CERTAIN SMALL ROOM WITHIN THE BUILDING...
CAREFUL, OFFICER... WE DON'T WANT THEM TO HEAR US SNEAKING UP ON THEM!
WHA...? SOMEBODY MUSTA SEEN US COME IN!
WE'D BETTER GET READY TA SHOOT IT OUT, MOPEY...
SHOOT IT OUT, NOTHIN'! WE GOT DA STUFF WE'RE AFTER...NOW WE BETTER SCRAM! GET MICKEY!
GET MICKEY!
I JUST BROADCAST TO EVERY METAL RADIATOR IN THE BUILDING... I KNEW THEY WOULDN'T WAIT TO FIGHT!
AND HERE THEY COME! BUT HOW DID THEY GET THAT ROPE UP THERE?
I DON'T KNOW, air Wave! I'DA THOUGHT IT COULDN'T BE DONE!
GUESS THE BEST WAY TO LEARN IS TO HAVE THEM TELL ME! WAIT FOR ME, BOYS!
AIR WAVE!
IN PERSON! HERE'S A TASTE OF WHAT IT'S GOING TO BE LIKE, LOOKING THROUGH THE BARS!
SAYS YOU! YOU'RE AT THE END OF YOUR ROPE, WISE GUY!
3

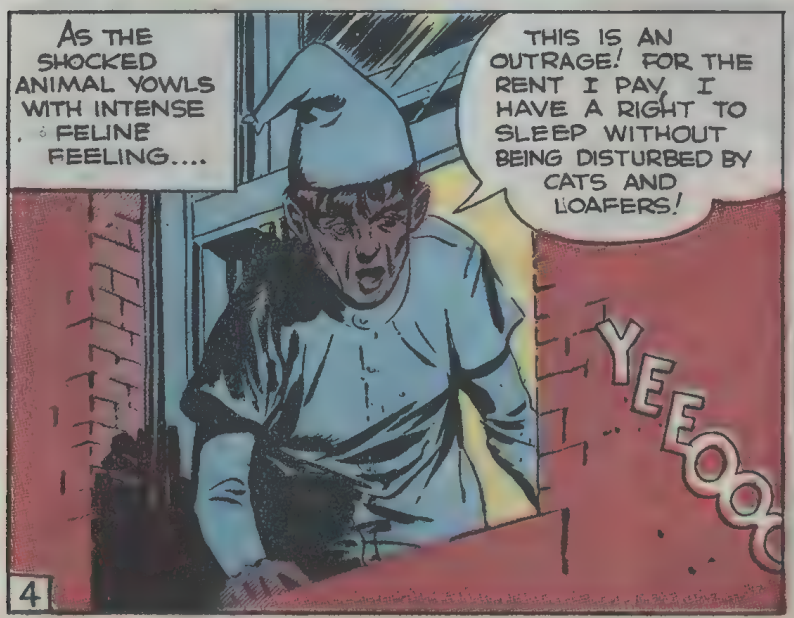

I MAY BE DOWN...BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING OUT!

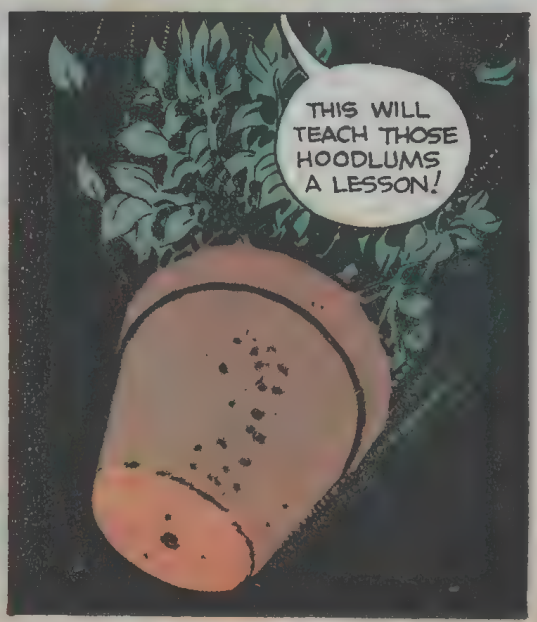

WONDER OF THAT'S THE MYSTERIOUS MICKEY, COMING DOWN WITH SOME LOOT! IF THERE'S ANY METAL IN IT, I'LL BROADCAST TO IT, AND SCARE HIM OUT OF HIS WITS!


WHA...? MICKEY'S TALKIN' TA ME!
HUH...? THEN THAT THUG ISN'T MICKEY... AND WHATEVER HE'S CARRYING IS!
BETTER GIVE UP, CHUM! AIR WAVE'S AFTER US!


THERE'S ONE WAY TO MAKE MICKEY REVEAL HIMSELF! INSTEAD OF JUST BROADCASTING SOUND WAVES, I'LL GIVE HIM A JOLT OF ENERGY, AND SEE HOW HE REACTS!
YE


AS THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS DIRECTS HIGH-VOLTAGE ENERGY AT THE MYSTERY MICKEY...
HEY, YOU'RE GOIN' WHACKY ALTOGETHER! WE TRAINED YA TA KEEP QUIET AN' OBEY ORDERS!
A CAT! I'D HAVE THOUGHT THESE RATS WOULDN'T DARE TRUST THEMSELVES WITH ONE.

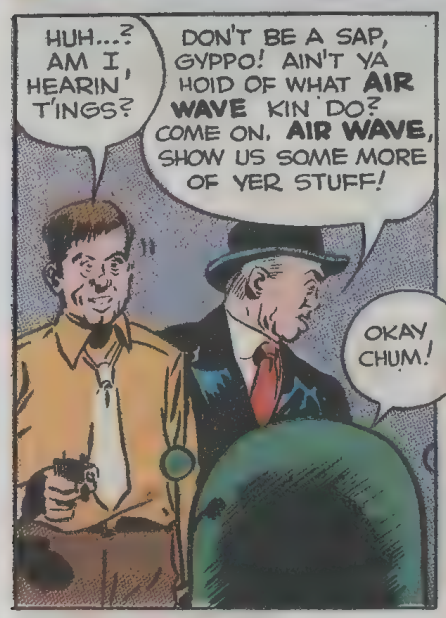

AS THE SHOCKED ANIMAL YOWLS WITH INTENSE FELINE FEELING....
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! FOR THE RENT I PAY, I HAVE A RIGHT TO SLEEP WITHOUT BEING DISTURBED BY CATS AND LOAFERS!
YEEOOO
4

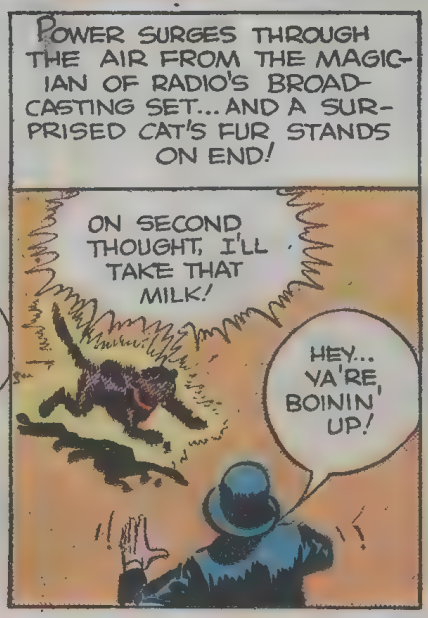

THIS WILL TEACH THOSE HOODLUMS A LESSON!


CRASH
HUH...? TANKS, PAL, FER DA FLOWERS!
W-WHERE AM I?
RIGHT HERE IN MOPEY LOOEY'S HIDEOUT, CHUM! GOOD THING YA CAME TO!
SOMETIME LATER, WHEN Air Wave REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
IT'S LIKE DIS, PAL...GYPPO T'INKS WE OUGHTTA SHOOT YA AN' DUMP YA IN THE RIVER ...BUT I'M HOLDIN' OUT FER SUMPIN' FANCIER!
I T'INK WE OUGHTTA SMEAR MICKEY'S PAWS WID POISON, AN' LET 'IM GET ATCHA... BUT GYPPO T'INKS YA WOULDN'T LIKE DAT! SO WE'VE LEAVIN' IT UP TO YOU... WHICH WAY D'YA WANNA DIE?
HMM... A DIFFICULT QUESTION... THE SECOND METHOD WOULD BE INTERESTING, BUT ARE YA SURE IT WOULD WORK!
SURE IT WOULD! MICKEY'S TRAINED RIGHT... HE'D DO JUST LIKE WE TELL 'IM!
THAT'S HARD TO BELIEVE! AFTER ALL, A CAT HAS A WILL OF HIS OWN... AND SOME DAY YOU'LL LEARN THAT! IN THE ACT OF HELPING YOU COMMIT A CRIME, HE'LL SIMPLY REFUSE TO OBEY....
YA'ARE WRONG, AIR WAVE... HE'S TRAINED POIFECT! GO AHEAD, MICKEY, SHOW 'IM HOW YA DO YER STUFF!
SEE, AIR WAVE? HE WALKS AROUND DER RADIATOR, WRAPPING DA ROPE AROUND A PIPE! DEN HE CLIMBS OUT DA WINDOW AGAIN, AN' BRINGS DA ROPE BACK TA US!
VERY CLEVER! BUT WHAT WAS THAT CRACKLING SOUND I HEARD IN MY RADIO? IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN STATIC!


I'VE GOT IT...IT WAS ELECTRICITY DISCHARGING FROM THE CAT'S FUR! AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA... EVEN THOUGH THE THUGS ARE WATCHING, I CAN BROADCAST TO THAT METAL COLLAR OF HIS, AS I DID BEFORE...


MICKEY, YOU'RE DA CATS! COME ON OVER HERE AN' I'LL GIVE YA A SAUCER OF MILK!
MILK, MY EYE! I WANT'T SOMETHING STRONGER THAN THAT!


HUH...? AM I, HEARIN' T'INGS?
DON'T BE A SAP, GYPPO! AIN'T YA HOID OF WHAT AIR WAVE KIN DO? COME ON, AIR WAVE, SHOW US SOME MORE OF YER STUFF!
OKAY, CHUM!

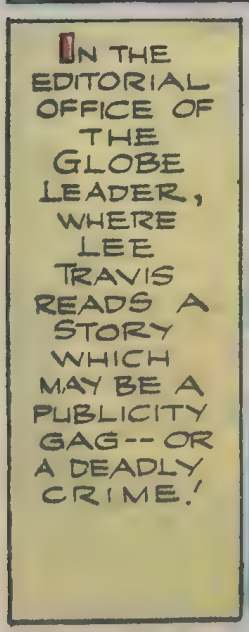

POWER SURGES THROUGH THE AIR FROM THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO'S BROADCASTING SET... AND A SURPRISED CAT'S FUR STANDS ON END!
ON SECOND THOUGHT, I'LL TAKE THAT MILK!
HEY... YA'RE, BOININ' UP!

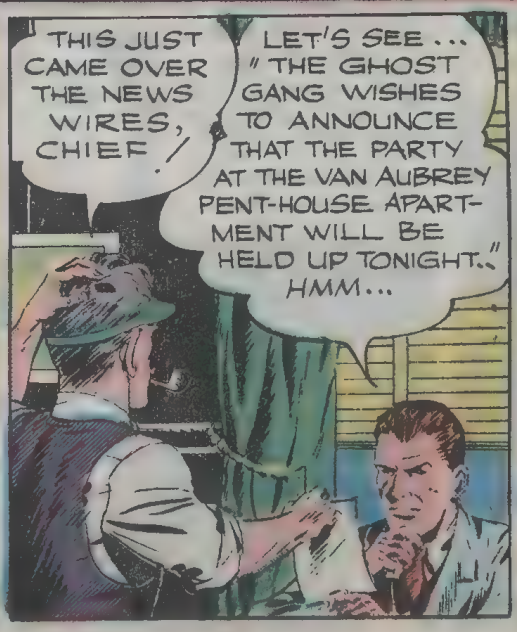

I AM? WHAT ABOUT YOU?
EEEYOWW! DA SHOCK'S KILLIN' ME!

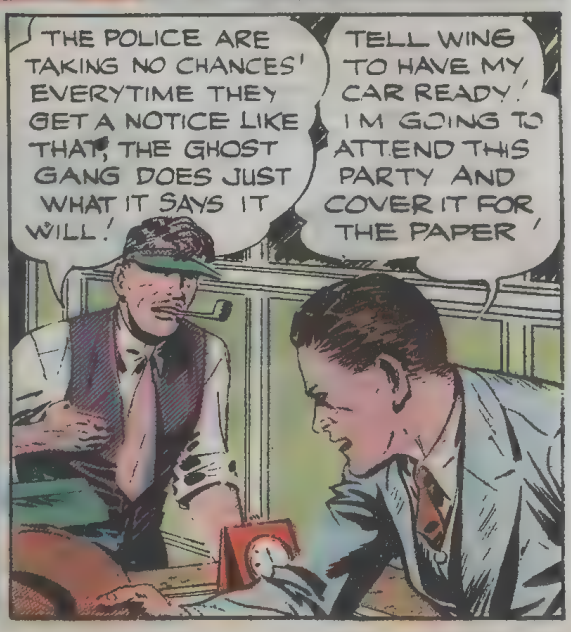

TOO BAD YOU TOOK YOUR EYES OFF ME, PAL... YOU'LL KNOW BETTER NEXT TIME!
6


LATER, AFTER Air Wave AND HIS NEW ANIMAL ASSISTANT HAVE SHOCKED THE CRIMINALS INTO SUBMISSION...
THE POLICE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR PALS, MICKEY! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU... THINK YOU'RE THROUGH WITH CRIME?
I WOULDN'T HAVE STARTED IF I'D KNOWN YOU WOULD COME AFTER ME, AIR WAVE!

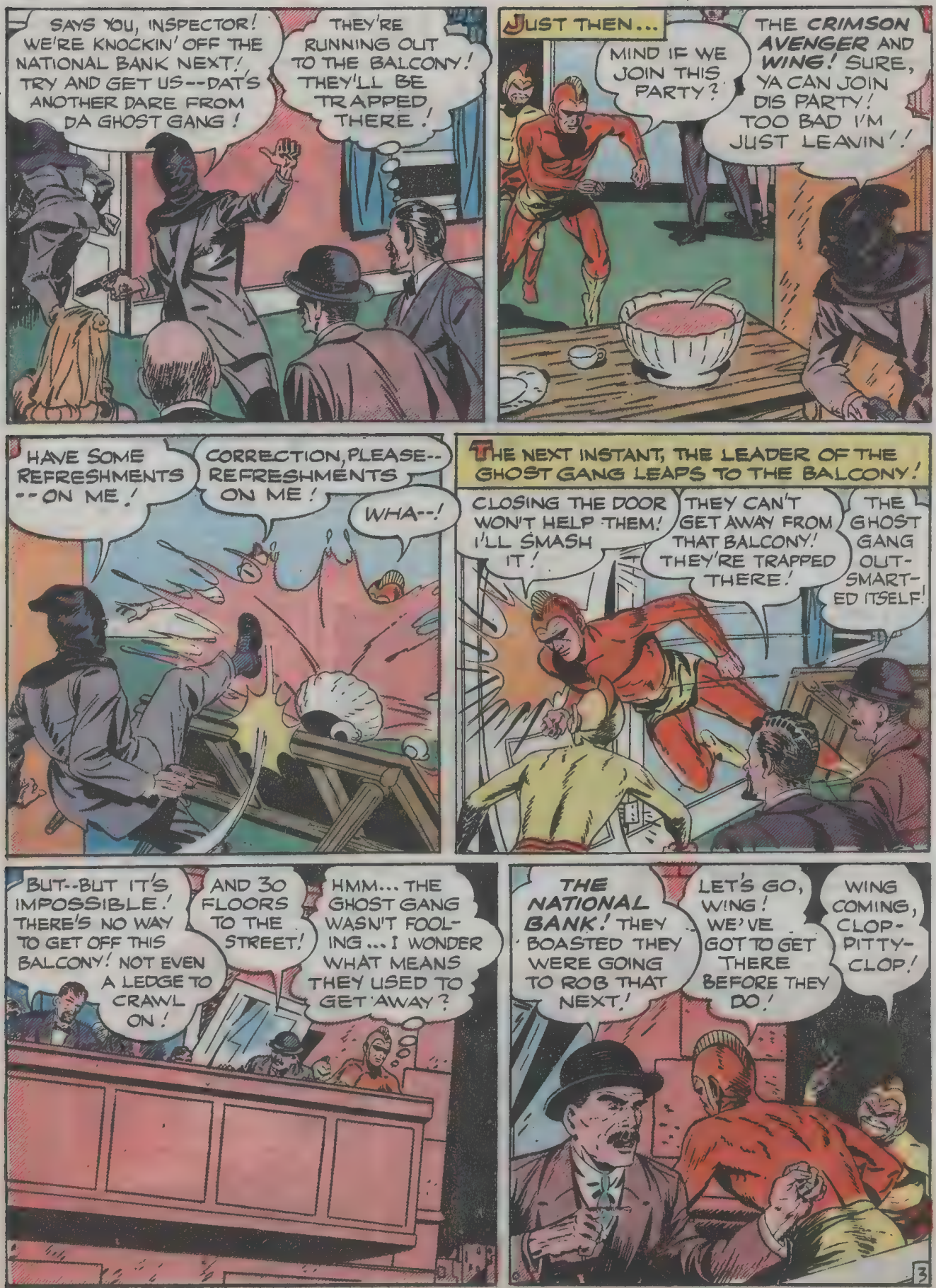

THE CRIMSON AVENGER
WALLS, LOCKS, ARMED GUARDS--NOTHING CAN STOP THE GHOST GANG, A BAND OF BOASTFUL BANDITS WHO GIVE ADVANCE NOTICE OF THEIR PLANS! NOTHING CAN STOP THEM--UNTIL THEY RUN INTO THAT CRIMSON-CLAD CRUSADER AGAINST CRIME, THE CRIMSON AVENGER--AND WHEN THEY DO, THEY FIND THEMSELVES WISHING THEY REALLY WERE...
"THE DISAPPEARING DESPERADOS!"


IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE GLOBE LEADER, WHERE LEE TRAVIS READS A STORY WHICH MAY BE A PUBLICITY GAG--OR A DEADLY CRIME!


THIS JUST CAME OVER THE NEWS WIRES, CHIEF!
LET'S SEE... "THE GHOST GANG WISHES TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE PARTY AT THE VAN AUBREY PENT-HOUSE APARTMENT WILL BE HELD UP TONIGHT." HMM...


THE POLICE ARE TAKING NO CHANCES! EVERYTIME THEY GET A NOTICE LIKE THAT, THE GHOST GANG DOES JUST WHAT IT SAYS IT WILL!
TELL WING TO HAVE MY CAR READY! I'M GOING TO ATTEND THIS PARTY AND COVER IT FOR THE PAPER!


LATER, AT THE VAN AUBREY PENT-HOUSE APARTMENT...
HEY, YOU! YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE WITHOUT A PASS!
I'M FROM THE PRESS! HERE'S MY CARD.
SURE, YOU CAN GO IN, MR. TRAVIS! WE GOT EVERY DOOR AND WINDOW GUARDED. NOBODY CAN GET INSIDE UNLESS WE LET 'EM!
THAT'S GOOD! BUT I WONDER IF IT WILL STOP THE GHOST GANG!
INSIDE, POLICE ARE EVERYWHERE!
I SEE YOU'RE TAKING NO CHANCES, INSPECTOR BULLIT!
RIGHT, MR. TRAVIS! NOBODY-- NOT EVEN A GHOST-- CAN GET THROUGH MY GUARDS!
MAYBE WE GET BIG SURPRISE! GHOST DO VELLY FUNNY THINGS...
WELL, HERE WE ARE, MR. TRAVIS! I'VE KEPT A CHECK ON EVERY PERSON ENTERING THE BUILDING!
LEE TRAVIS! GLAD TO HAVE YOU HERE! DON'T TELL ME YOU EXPECT THE SO-CALLED GHOST GANG TO HOLD US UP!
FRANKLY, VAN AUBREY, I DID EXPECT TROUBLE, BUT AFTER SEEING ALL THE GUARDS AROUND THIS PLACE, I'M NOT SO SURE!
IT'S ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY ONE TO GET IN HERE WITHOUT PERMISSION! THE GHOST GANG WILL NEVER SHOW UP!
AT THAT VERY INSTANT..!
DAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! STICK 'EM UP! WE'RE CLEANING OUT DIS JOINT!
PSST! WING... WE'LL SLIP OUT THROUGH THE DOOR... THERE'S WORK TO DO...
MISSED! BUT BY THE TIME DA COPS CRASH IN HERE, WE'LL BE OUTA DIS JOINT!
OKAY, BOSS! WE GOT MOST OF DA ICE AN' DA DOUGH!
I'LL BREAK YOUR GHOST, GANG YET!
BLAM
2


SAYS YOU, INSPECTOR! WE'RE KNOCKIN' OFF THE NATIONAL BANK NEXT! TRY AND GET US--DAT'S ANOTHER DARE FROM DA GHOST GANG!
THEY'RE RUNNING OUT TO THE BALCONY! THEY'LL BE TRAPPED THERE!
JUST THEN...
MIND IF WE JOIN THIS PARTY?
THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING! SURE, YA CAN JOIN DIS PARTY! TOO BAD I'M JUST LEAVIN'!
HAVE SOME REFRESHMENTS --ON ME!
CORRECTION, PLEASE-- REFRESHMENTS ON ME!
WHA--!
THE NEXT INSTANT, THE LEADER OF THE GHOST GANG LEAPS TO THE BALCONY!
CLOSING THE DOOR WON'T HELP THEM! I'LL SMASH IT!
THEY CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THAT BALCONY! THEY'RE TRAPPED THERE!
THE GHOST GANG OUT-SMART-ED ITSELF!
BUT--BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THERE'S NO WAY TO GET OFF THIS BALCONY! NOT EVEN A LEDGE TO CRAWL ON!
AND 30 FLOORS TO THE STREET!
HMM... THE GHOST GANG WASN'T FOOLING... I WONDER WHAT MEANS THEY USED TO GET AWAY?
THE NATIONAL BANK! THEY BOASTED THEY WERE GOING TO ROB THAT NEXT!
LET'S GO, WING! WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE BEFORE THEY DO!
WING COMING, CLOP-PITTY-CLOP!
3


A WARNING ALARM SHRILLS THROUGH THE CITY! THE BANK IS QUICKLY SURROUNDED BY HEAVILY ARMED POLICE!
HERE COME THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STILL IN TIME! THERE'S BEEN NO ATTEMPT TO BREAK IN!
MAYBE POLICE NO SEE GHOST, MIST' CLIMSON!
NOT EVEN A GHOST CAN GET BY US, AVENGER. AND WE CAN SEE IN THROUGH THIS WINDOW!
JUST THE SAME, I WANT TO GO INSIDE AND WAIT FOR THE GHOST GANG THERE! IT LOOKS TOO QUIET IN THERE!
BANK
OKAY! YOU CAN GET INSIDE BUT YOU'LL MISS ALL THE ACTION! THEY'LL NEVER BREAK INTO THE BANK!
I'VE GOT A HUNCH THEY MIGHT SURPRISE ALL OF US!
AND WITHIN THE BANK'S CONFINES...
SOMETHING VELLY FUNNY! SCLEEN BLOCK WINDOW FROM INSIDE -- BUT CAN LOOK INTO BANK FROM OUTSIDE! VELLY FUNNY!
IT'S A PICTURE OF THE INSIDE OF THE BANK, WING! THAT'S WHAT THE POLICE WERE LOOKING AT! THE GHOST GANG IS ALREADY IN HERE!
IT'S TIME FOR US TO STEP INTO THE PICTURE!
IT'S THEM AGAIN! DON'T SHOOT OR YA'LL TIP OFF DA COPPERS BEFORE WE'RE READY TO SCRAM!
AND PAINT CLOOKS BLACK AND BLUE!
LOOK OUT--!
UMP!
GOT 'EM! LINE 'EM UP!
NOW GIVE 'EM A BELLYFULL OF LEAD AND LET'S GET OUTA HERE!
WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE IF WE WANT TO STAY IN ONE PIECE!
4


STEALTHILY, THE CRIMSON-CLAD CRUSADER DROPS A SMALL GLASS CAPSULE ...
MAKE IT SNAPPY! THE BOSS IS WAITING FER US ON THE ROOF WIT' OUR GETAWAY GADGET!
OKAY! HERE'S WHERE YA GET WHAT'S COMIN' TA YA, CRIMSON AVENGER!
BUT THE NEXT INSTANT, A RED VAPOR FILLS THE AIR!
WOT'S DIS? I--I CAN'T SEE NUTTIN'!
I'LL RELIEVE YOU BOYS OF THESE TOYS! TOO DANGEROUS TO PLAY AROUND WITH!
HEY! I'M BLIND AS A BAT!
SECONDS LATER, AS THE CRIMSON CLOUD LIFTS ...
ALL RIGHT, WING! PULL THAT SCREEN AWAY FROM THE WINDOW AND GET THE COPS IN HERE...
BUT THE BATTLE ISN'T WON YET!
NEVER TOIN YER BACK ON DA LEADER OF DA GHOST GANG! YOU KIN T'ANK ME LATER FER TEACHIN' YA DAT LESSON!
NICE GOIN', BOSS!
WHA--!
THEY LUNNING TO LOOF!
WE'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THEM, WING!
GHOSTS VELLY SCIENTIFIC!
SO THAT'S HOW THEY DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR! AND IT'S ALMOST SOUNDLESS, TOO!
AS THE HELICOPTER RISES...
BUT THEY WON'T GET AWAY--NOT THIS TIME!
WING HOPE VELLY MUCH HE CATCH ON!


WING BETTER NOT MISS!
HEY! LOOK WHAT'S COMIN'!
ALLEY-OOP!
VELLY HAPPY TO JOIN YOU!
UMPH! GET YA FOOT OUTA ME FACE--!
I'LL BLAST HIM RIGHT INTA DA SKY! I'LL--
NOT THIS TIME, GHOST! GRAB THE CONTROLS, WING!
YOU BET!
ULP! I'M GETTING AIR-SICK!
MOMENTS LATER, IN THE STREET BELOW...
HERE ARE THE GHOSTS, INSPECTOR! YOU'LL FIND THEIR LOOT INSIDE THE HELICOPTER!
SO THAT'S HOW THEY DID IT! NO WONDER THEY COULD DISAPPEAR FROM A PENT-HOUSE! WHY, THESE MACHINES CAN RISE STRAIGHT UP-- AND EVEN STAND STILL IN THE AIR!
WELL, THAT'S THE LAST OF THE GHOST GANG! THIS TIME THEY'RE DISAPPEARING FOR GOOD-- BEHIND PRISON GATES!
GHOSTS DO VELLY FUNNY THINGS-- BUT WING NOT AFLAID OF GHOSTS!
HE'S THE HAPPIEST GUY I EVER SAW! SINGS AN' WHISTLES ALL THE TIME!
WHY NOT? HE'S BUYING MORE WAR BONDS THAN ANYONE ELSE IN TOWN!
YOU, TOO, CAN BE HAPPY! JUST KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!


PRIVATE PETE
HENRY BOLTINOFF
I'VE GOT AN ORDER FROM THE COLONEL TO SEND YOU RIGHT OVER FOR SOME SORT OF SPECIAL WORK. HOP TO IT!
HMM -- I WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE -- MAYBE SOME SPY WORK. I'M GOOD AT THAT!
I BETTER HURRY, THE SOONER TO CATCH THOSE NAZIS AND JAPS!
PRIVATE PETE, THIS ASSIGNMENT IS TO BE HELD IN STRICTEST CONFIDENCE NOT A SOUL IS TO KNOW! UNDERSTAND?
YES SIR!
BAH! NO WONDER HE DOESN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW ---
I'VE GOT TO PUT HIS BABY TO SLEEP WITH THE ROCKING OF THE JEEP!
BAW

Save Bags FROM Popsicle CREAMSICLE · Fudgicle



LOOK, BOYS AND GIRLS!
SWELL FREE GIFTS FOR YOU

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#175 33-IN. EXTENSION PERISCOPE

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Rapid Fire MACHINE GUN



Big ack-ack gun . . . 24½ inches long! Sounds like a real battle! Has swivel-head stand, so you can aim in any direction. Easily converted into Tommy Gun by removing stand. Solid wood; harmless. Thrilling fun! Premium #118 . . . 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.

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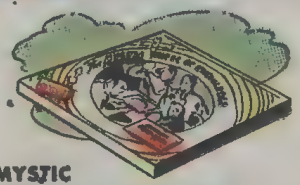
Special air-pressure catapult tube sends your CATAPLANE looping, diving, gliding and spinning through the air! Simple adjustments make your CATAPLANE fly like a real plane. Thrilling fun, indoors and outdoors. Premium #152 . . . 100 bags, or 10¢ and 50 bags.





Junior G-Man SECRET CODE KIT

It sends and receives secret G-Man code messages! Contains two alphabet slide rules and full, simple instructions. Thrills galore! Every boy and girl will enjoy it! Premium #174 . . . 200 bags, or 25¢ and 100 bags.



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Set the "Mystic Pointer" in center of magic wheel and presto! . . . it spins by itself, without anyone touching it, to right answer on quiz card. 12 sets of quiz cards included. Premium #147 . . . 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.



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NO TIME FOR STEALING

by Tex Palmer

LITTLE WALLY sat back, nursing his aching jaw. He cast an aggrieved look at Benny Big, who had just inflicted the blow, and said: "What are you getting sore about, Benny? Can't you take a joke?"

Benny Big glowered at the small man who sat opposite him in the easy chair. Then he picked up a metal gadget from the floor. It was about the size of a half dollar, and a very ingenious contraption. It had a metal loop which could be slipped over one's finger, so that the gadget could rest hidden in the hand. A tiny sliver of metal protruded from the center of the appliance.

Benny Big touched it with his finger. The instrument emitted a raucous buzz. Distaste showed on Benny Big's face. He said: "I do not like these practical jokes of your's, Little Wally. They are always getting us into trouble. For example I suppose you thought it would keep that detective happy the time you didn't know he was a policeman and you asked him to smell that pretty flower in your lapel, and squirted water in his face."

Benny Big sighed. "That is why we left Chicago in such a hurry." He waggled a finger at Little Wally. "I want you to stay out of those novelty shops," he said. "They are always getting you into trouble."

Little Wally writhed under Benny Big's gaze. "I am sorry, Benny Big," he said. "But I just have a sense of humor, I guess."

Benny Big glowered at him. "Here we are in Kansas, in a hotel room. We have been here three weeks and, fortunately, the cops have not yet gotten wise to us. So I have been able to case a very likely place. It is called the Graingrowers Bank, and from what I can see, I will need only a can opener to handle this job. There is not even a watchman for the place."

Little Wally's eyes widened. "You have been working," he said in awe, "all this time?" Then, penitently, "And here I have been worrying about myself, Benny Big." Little Wally got up and impulsively thrust out his hand. "I am sorry, Benny Big. I will watch myself from now on."

The big man released the hand, then grinned. "It is okay, Little Wally," he said. "Just stay out of those novelty shops. Go downtown and look over this Graingrowers Bank. We are going to do this job tonight."

"Tonight?"

"Yes. I understand a lot of farmers make their monthly deposits today, so their safe should be bulging. You will have to be look-out, so you'd better see what the place is like."

Little Wally went out whistling a popular tune. "Ah, but I sure feel good," he told himself as he sauntered along the crowded streets and looked into the shop windows. He was an inveterate window shopper and now, with time to spare, he gave himself up to his hobby, loitering before a sporting goods store, a haberdashery, a bakery.

He stopped short, suddenly, as before his eyes there loomed a sign he knew and loved. It was in a window, and it said, "Novelties." Into his mind came Benny Big's warning, but the sign drew him to the window as though he had been suddenly cast into a state of hypnosis. The window was a joker's dream—with every kind of novelty, from matches that exploded to little pellets that turned into snakes if you heated them.

Little Wally stood entranced, drinking in the entire window. "I sure could have fun with a lot of that stuff," he told himself, "but Benny Big——"

Little Wally pursed his lips and squared his shoulders. The memory of Benny Big's anger was too vivid in his mind. And he had promised Benny Big not to buy any more of this stuff, at least until the safecracking job was done.

Sorrowfully, he started to turn away, but just then a man appeared in the window and reached down for something in the corner. Little Wally's eyes followed the man's arm. Then they sparkled as they rested on a small sign. "Musical Clocks—Wake to a Favorite Tune!"

Little Wally grinned. An idea popped into his mind. "Why, that's nothing that will hurt anyone," he mused, "and it will make a wonderful present for Benny Big. It will show him how much I appreciate what he is doing for me."

Happily, he entered the store, almost colliding with a tall, thin woman in a black dress. She glared at him as he mumbled, "Sorry, sister," then brushed by.

"Yes?" The man he had seen in the window spoke to Little Wally. He seemed angry. Before him was the entire stock of clocks.

Little Wally's heart leaped, his gaze went to the door. He remembered the woman in the black dress. "Don't tell me you sold all those musical things," he said. "Did you?"

Suspicion colored the storekeeper's face for a moment, and he shot a glance at his clerk. The clerk returned the gaze, then spoke to Little Wally. "No

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sir," he said, suavely. "Not yet. But they're going like hot cakes. That's why we took them out of the window. You're a stranger in town, aren't you?"

"A salesman," Little Wally said, "from New York." He pointed at the clocks. "Do they really wake you up with music?"

The clerk looked at his boss. "They sure do," he said. "Want to hear one?"

Little Wally's eyes snapped. The clerk reached beneath the counter and Little Wally, busy examining the small clocks, did not notice it. Suddenly, the strains of reveille came from the clock in the clerk's hand. Little Wally gazed enraptured. "That's what I want," he said. "How much? I'll take it."

The clerk smiled. "Only a dollar."

"A dollar?" Little Wally looked at the clerk. Why, the guy must be making a mistake. These clocks would be worth five back in New York. The other boys would be glad to pay that for them. "I'll take 'em," he said, hastily. "Here's a five buck deposit," he said. "I'll take the ten of 'em tomorrow morning."

He went out, enthralled. What a present it would make for Benny Big. Tomorrow, he'd pick them up on the way to the station. But tonight he'd tell Benny Big nothing about it. "I'm going to be the best lookout Benny Big ever had," he told himself, as he continued on his way to survey the Graingrowers Bank.

* * *

The robbery went off without a hitch. Just before the pair went to sleep that night, with a satchelful of greenbacks beneath the bed, Benny Big complimented him. Then Benny Big went to sleep, and Little Wally extracted a five dollar note from the haul. He had some fast work to do next morning.

When the novelty store opened, Little Wally was right there. He picked up his precious package and went back to the hotel. He breathed a sigh of relief, finding Benny Big shaving. It would be easy to convince Benny Big he had gone out for an early walk. Carefully, he placed his precious clocks in the suitcase and sat back drinking in Benny Big's cheerful harmony.

At last, Benny Big was dressed. He had taken his time. "Nobody suspects us," he said, "and by the time we get out of town, they'll still be wondering how that safe was cracked. Here." He handed Little Wally the suitcase. "Let's go, Little Wally. I'm proud of you."

Happily, Little Wally trotted behind Benny Big. They walked the short distance to Central Station, having time to spare. "Hey, look, Benny Big," said Little Wally. "They're broadcasting this early."

He was right. It was a sidewalk interviewer, carrying a portable "mike". He was standing in front of the station and with him was a tall, thin woman in black. Little Wally recognized her, but she apparently didn't know him, for there was no recognition in her eyes as she spoke to him and Benny Big. A policeman, standing on the fringe of the crowd, looked on amusedly.

Suddenly, the woman's face thawed. She grasped Little Wally by the arm. "Here," she said, "you're a stranger, aren't you?" Surprised, Little Wally said yes. Then the woman said, "I'm from the Temperance League and this is our daily forum. What do you think of Prohibition in this state?"

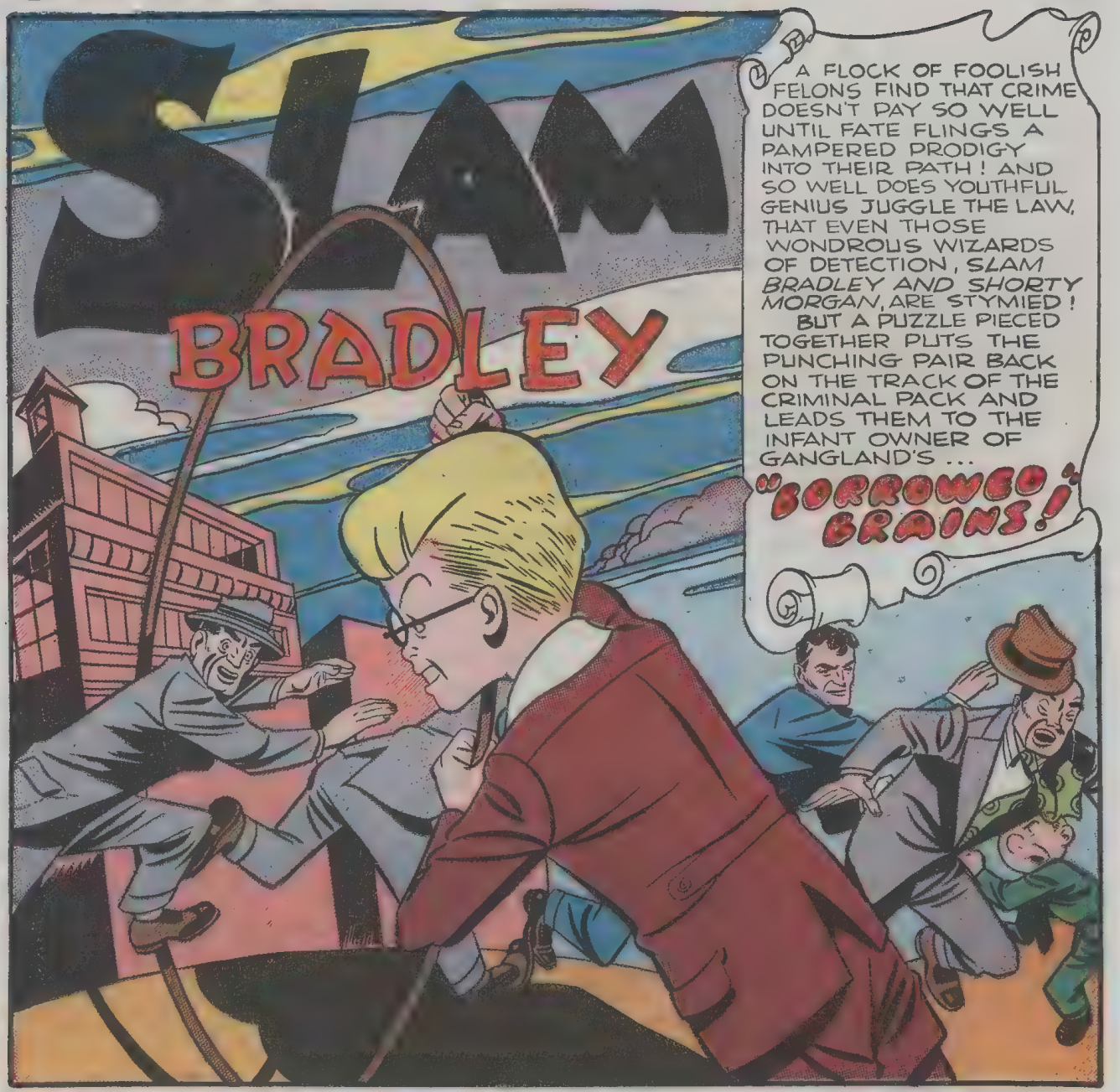
Something must have warned Benny Big. "He thinks it's fine, don't you, Wally?" He nudged Little Wally to keep moving. But it was too late. Already, the interviewer had thrust the mike before Little Wally's face. Little Wally opened his lips, but no sound came. Nothing but music—!

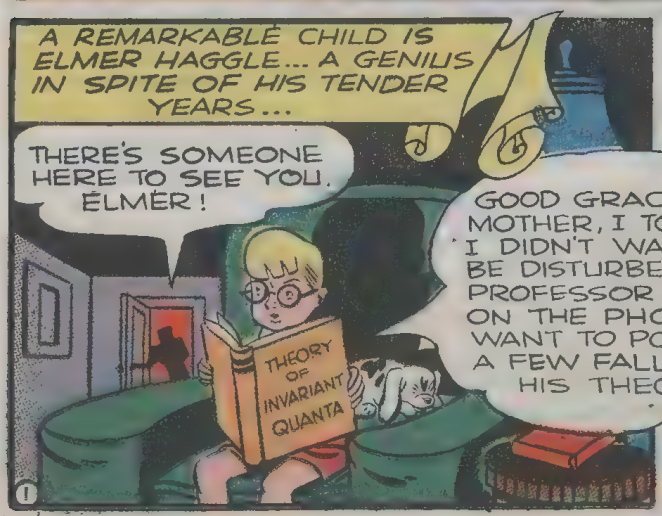
And what music! Only it was not coming from Little Wally's lips, but from his bag. It was a mad melody and everyone knew it. "Nobody knows how dry I am!" as though many bands were playing in concert.

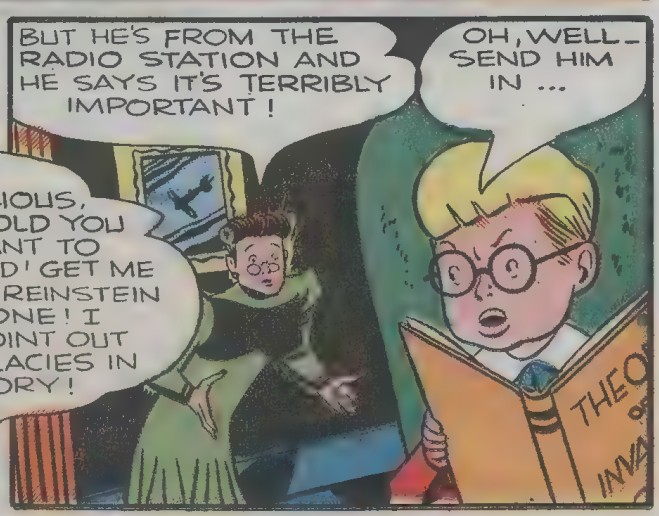
The crowd roared. Red suffused the woman's face and she wrenched at the bag in Little Wally's hand. Benny Big tried to stop her but couldn't. It was too late. The bag opened, and down to the sidewalk plunged Little Wally's ten clocks, still playing—and an avalanche of greenbacks.

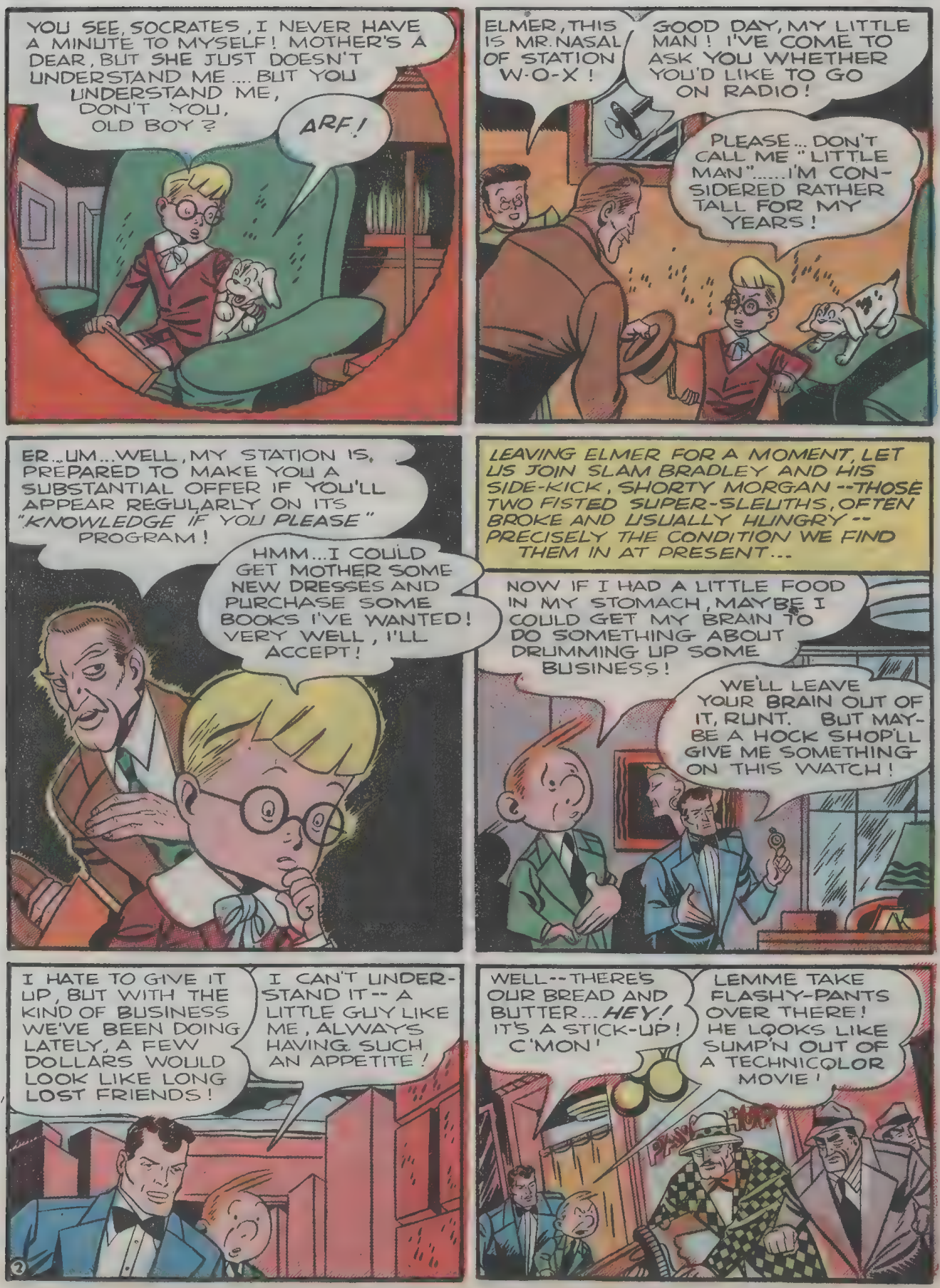
"Those clocks," the woman screamed, "that novelty dealer promised he would get rid of them."

Her thin umbrella belabored Little Wally. But he didn't move, nor did Benny Big, for already the cop who had been enjoying himself until he saw the money, had them covered!


SLAM BRADLEY
A FLOCK OF FOOLISH FELONS FIND THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY SO WELL UNTIL FATE FLINGS A PAMPERED PRODIGY INTO THEIR PATH! AND SO WELL DOES YOUTHFUL GENIUS JUGGLE THE LAW, THAT EVEN THOSE WONDROUS WIZARDS OF DETECTION, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, ARE STYMIED!
BUT A PUZZLE PIECED TOGETHER PUTS THE PUNCHING PAIR BACK ON THE TRACK OF THE CRIMINAL PACK AND LEADS THEM TO THE INFANT OWNER OF GANGLAND'S ...
"BORROWED BRAINS!"


A REMARKABLE CHILD IS ELMER HAGGLE... A GENIUS IN SPITE OF HIS TENDER YEARS...
THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU, ELMER!
GOOD GRACIOUS, MOTHER, I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED! GET ME PROFESSOR REINSTEIN ON THE PHONE! I WANT TO POINT OUT A FEW FALLACIES IN HIS THEORY!
THEORY OF INVARIANT QUANTA


BUT HE'S FROM THE RADIO STATION AND HE SAYS IT'S TERRIBLY IMPORTANT!
OH, WELL- SEND HIM IN ...


YOU SEE, SOCRATES, I NEVER HAVE A MINUTE TO MYSELF! MOTHER'S A DEAR, BUT SHE JUST DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ME.... BUT YOU UNDERSTAND ME, DON'T YOU, OLD BOY?
ARF!
ELMER, THIS IS MR. NASAL OF STATION W-O-X!
GOOD DAY, MY LITTLE MAN! I'VE COME TO ASK YOU WHETHER YOU'D LIKE TO GO ON RADIO!
PLEASE... DON'T CALL ME "LITTLE MAN".....I'M CONSIDERED RATHER TALL FOR MY YEARS!
ER...UM...WELL, MY STATION IS PREPARED TO MAKE YOU A SUBSTANTIAL OFFER IF YOU'LL APPEAR REGULARLY ON ITS "KNOWLEDGE IF YOU PLEASE" PROGRAM!
HMM...I COULD GET MOTHER SOME NEW DRESSES AND PURCHASE SOME BOOKS I'VE WANTED! VERY WELL, I'LL ACCEPT!
LEAVING ELMER FOR A MOMENT, LET US JOIN SLAM BRADLEY AND HIS SIDE-KICK, SHORTY MORGAN --THOSE TWO FISTED SUPER-SLEUTHS, OFTEN BROKE AND USUALLY HUNGRY -- PRECISELY THE CONDITION WE FIND THEM IN AT PRESENT...
NOW IF I HAD A LITTLE FOOD IN MY STOMACH, MAYBE I COULD GET MY BRAIN TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT DRUMMING UP SOME BUSINESS!
WE'LL LEAVE YOUR BRAIN OUT OF IT, RUNT. BUT MAYBE A HOCK SHOP'LL GIVE ME SOMETHING ON THIS WATCH!
I HATE TO GIVE IT UP, BUT WITH THE KIND OF BUSINESS WE'VE BEEN DOING LATELY, A FEW DOLLARS WOULD LOOK LIKE LONG LOST FRIENDS!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT -- A LITTLE GUY LIKE ME, ALWAYS HAVING SUCH AN APPETITE!
WELL -- THERE'S OUR BREAD AND BUTTER... HEY! IT'S A STICK-UP! C'MON!
LEMME TAKE FLASHY-PANTS OVER THERE! HE LOOKS LIKE SUMP'N OUT OF A TECHNICOLOR MOVIE!


PARDON ME WHILE I TAKE MY LEFT HOOK OUT OF HOCK!
LOOK WHAT'S CHASIN' ME -- A HALF-PINT HERO!
I AIN'T CHASIN' YA! I'M JUST ADMIRIN' THE SCENERY YOU'RE WEARIN'!
BUT ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE YOU'D LOOK BETTER IN STRIPES!
OOF! ACCORDIN' TO THE STARS, I'M GONNA BE BEHIND BARS, UNLESS...
...I GIT OUTTA HERE -- FAST!
QUICK...DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY! MAYBE THAT PAWN-BROKER'LL EXPRESS HIS GRATITUDE FINANCIALLY!
IN HERE... MAYBE WE'LL LOSE 'EM!
ME TEETH IS STILL RATTLIN'! DEM GUYS IS POISON!
BROADCASTING STATION WOX
GUESS WE MAY AS WELL SEE DE SHOW! DEM TWO BUTTINSKYS WILL NEVER FIND US HERE!
AAH...WHO WANTS TO LISTEN TO A DUMB KID?
SHADDUP! I KNOW DIS PROGRAM! DAT KID'S A GENIUS! MAYBE YOU'LL LOIN SUMP'N!
YES...BY A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE, THE FLEEING THUGS ATTEND THE RADIO DEBUT OF OUR BRILLIANT YOUNG FRIEND, ELMER HAGGLE!
AND NOW, ELMER, CAN YOU TELL US THE MEANING OF THE WORD "SESQUIPEDALIAN"?
THE WORD IS OF LATIN DERIVATION, SESQUI MEANING ONE HALF MORE AND PED MEANING FOOT., HENCE, MEASURING A FOOT AND A HALF IN LENGTH, OR LONG AND PONDEROUS!
WOX


IF I HAD A KID WHAT WUZ SUCH A GENIUS, I COULD MAKE A FORTUNE WID HIM!
GWAN.. KIDS LIKE DAT IS NUTTIN' BUT PESTS! DEY'RE ALLA TIME ASKIN' QUESTIONS YA CAN'T ANSWER!
HMM.. MAYBE WE COULD MAKE A FORTUNE ON DAT KID!
WHADDYA MEAN, SQUIFFY? IS DERE MAYBE AN ANGLE WHICH I OVERLOOKED?
LOOK... ROBBIN' HOCK SHOPS IS PENNY ANTE! BUT A BRAT LIKE DIS, HE MUST BE PRETTY VALUABLE!
I GET IT! A SNATCH! NOT A BAD IDEA!
SO APPEALING AN IDEA, IN FACT, THAT NOT MANY MINUTES ELAPSE BEFORE THE SLIMY THREESOME ARE STANDING OUTSIDE THE STUDIO EXIT, EAGERLY AWAITING THE END OF THE BROADCAST...
HE OUGHTA BE OUT ANY MINUTE NOW! REMEMBER WHAT YE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO!
A CINCH! YOU AN' ROCKS'LL GRAB DA KID WHILE I SWIPE DA CAR WHAT'S PARKED ON DA CORNER!
EXIT
SHORTLY AFTERWARD...
THANK GOODNESS IT'S OVER, SOCRATES! WHAT A LOT OF MONEY TO GET FOR SUCH TRIPE AND NONSENSE! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT OUTSIDE FOR MOTHER! IT TAKES A WHILE TO WALK AROUND FROM THE AUDITORIUM!
COME TO PAPA, MY LIDDLE GOLD MINE! DRAT DAT MUTT! HEY, ROCKS... GRAB DA BEAST! WE DON'T WANNA LEAVE NO TRACES!
HEY! MMGAH... GLUB...
THE STREET RESOUNDS TO A WOMAN'S CRY OF ANGUISH, AS MRS. HAGGLE SUDDENLY ARRIVES ON THE SCENE...
EEK! HELP! KIDNAPPERS!
AAH, PIPE DOWN, LADY! WE AIN'T GONNA HOIT HIM! DIS IS STRICTLY BUSINESS!
STEP ON IT, BEFORE WE GET ALL THE COPS IN TOWN ON OUR NECKS!
NEXT MORNING...
ACCORDING TO THE PAPER, MRS. HAGGLE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE KIDNAPPER'S LOUD SUIT MEANS IT'S THOSE GUYS WHO HELD UP THE HOCK SHOP! IF WE'D CAUGHT THEM YESTERDAY, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!
MRS. HAGGLE MUSTA GOT A RANSOM NOTE BY NOW!... LET'S GO SEE HER!


... AND YOU SAY YOU HAVEN'T RECEIVED ANY RANSOM NOTE YET? WELL, DON'T WORRY, MRS. HAGGLE! WE'LL GET ELMER BACK FOR YOU!
OH, I'M SO WORRIED! WHAT CAN THEY BE DOING TO HIM?
BUT PERHAPS MRS. HAGGLE SHOULD HAVE ASKED WHAT DEAR LITTLE ELMER WAS DOING TO HIS HOSTS!
AWRIGHT, SO YOU DON'T WANNA SEND DA RANSOM NOTE FOR A COUPLE A DAYS 'TILL T'INGS COOL OFF! BUT HOW WE GONNA EAT MEANWHILE?
YER ALWAYS WORRYIN'... CAN'T WE STICK UP A LITTLE GROCERY STORE OR SUMP'N MEANWHILE?
DA ONE DOWN DA STREET LOOKS LIKE A CINCH... WOW!
HEE-HEE-HA-HA!
LEMME AT HIM! JUS' LEMME AT HIM!
NO, SQUIFFY! YA GOTTA LAY OFF! HE'S TOO VALUABLE!
REALLY, SQUIFFY, YOUR LACK OF A SENSE OF HUMOR BESPEAKS YOUR EQUAL LACK OF INTELLIGENCE!
OKAY, DIS TIME I'LL OVERLOOK IT! BUT JUS' ONE MORE STUNT... NOW, HERE'S HOW WE KNOCK OVER DA GROCERY... ROCKY, YOU'LL BE STANDIN' HERE... ME AN' SLUG'LL GO IN FROM HERE...
WHAT COLLOSSAL STUPIDITY! YOU'RE CERTAIN TO GET CAUGHT!
DID I HEAR A CRACK OUTTA YOU?
NOW IF YOU POSTED ROCKY HERE, INSTEAD OF WHERE YOU SUGGESTED, YOU'D BE MUCH SAFER!
WELL, WHADDYA KNOW!
HMM ...I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT DA KID'S RIGHT!
HE'S MORE DEN RIGHT! HE'S A GENIUS! WHY NOT LET HIM PLAN DIS STICK-UP?
NOT ME! I'VE NO WISH TO INDULGE IN CRIME!


OH, YA DON'T WANNA, HUH? WELL, YER GONNA PLAN DIS JOB FER US AN' A LOTTA OTHER JOBS, SEE? UNLESS YA WANT SUMP'N TO HAPPEN TO DAT MUTT YA LIKE SO MUCH!
OH, NO... PLEASE DON'T HURT SOCRATES! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!
WE'RE GONNA LETCHA GO HOME, SEE, CAUSE YA CAN'T GET AROUND TO CASE JOINTS WIT' DA COPS LOOKIN' FER YA! BUT WE'RE KEEPIN' DA POOCH SO YA DON'T CROSS US! NOW... HERE'S HOW WE'RE GONNA WOIK...
AND SO IT HAPPENS THAT A PRODIGAL RETURNS HOME, AND TWO DETECTIVES DETERMINED TO SOLVE A CASE, BECOME TWO DETECTIVES OUT OF A JOB...
AND WE'LL GET HIM BACK IF IT'S THE LAST.... WHA...?
BUT I AM BACK, GENTLEMEN! I ESCAPED FROM THEIR CAR WHEN THEY WERE TAKING ME SOMEWHERE!
ELMER! OH, THANK HEAVEN!
NO... I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA WHERE THEY CAN BE FOUND! AND POOR SOCRATES, I LOST HIM!
WELL, I GUESS THAT KIND OF FINISHES OUR BUSINESS HERE! DON'T LET HIM GET KIDNAPPED AGAIN, MRS. HAGGLE! C'MON, RUNT...
HMM... I'M BEGINNING TO THINK WE OUGHTA LOOK FOR WORK!
YES, SLEUTHING JOBS ARE PRETTY SCARCE, AND DESPERATE FINANCIAL STRAITS REQUIRE DESPERATE MEASURES, SO THE NEXT DAY...
HOW LOW DOES A GUY HAFTA SINK CAUSE HE WANTS TO EAT? YA CALL THIS A JOB FOR A MAN LIKE ME?
QUIET, SHRIMP! NOW, LADEEZ AND GENTS AND LITTLE KIDDIES... ONE OF THESE REMARKABLE ANIMATED TOYS FOR JUST ONE DIME...
BUT AN ABRUPT CHANGE COMES OVER THE GAY CARNIVAL ATMOSPHERE AS...
OKAY... UP WID YER HANDS, EVERY-BODY... DIS IS A STICK-UP!
...ONLY THE TENTH PART OF A DOLLAR... WHA...?
CHILDREN'S FAIR
FANCY PANTS! IT'S HIM!
6


YOU'RE GETTIN' A LITTLE TOO FLIGHTY, MY GAUDY JAIL-BIRD!
AWK! A DIVE-BOMBER!
SOCKING YOU IS BECOMING A HOBBY WITH US!
ZOWIE... I'M A ONE MAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER!
I'LL SHOW DAT, RUNT HE CANT TOY WID US... UNK!
WHOOPS... DIS IS DA T'ANKS WE GET FER OUR TROUBLE! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
HUH... WHAT'S THIS?
THIS TOY FLAK'S GOT A POWER-FUL SMACK!
BROOOMM!
SHUCKS! THEY GOT AWAY AGAIN! AIN'T WE NEVER GONNA PUT THEM GUYS BEHIND BARS?
HMM... THIS NOTE HE DROPPED READS LIKE A RIDDLE, "HALF THE PRICE, BUT JUST AS FAR ON ANY CITY STREET CAR"
FAIR
WHY, THAT'S THE RIDDLE THE GENIUS KID WAS ASKIN' ON HIS RADIO PROGRAM LAST NIGHT! IT'S DIFFERENT ON EACH PROGRAM, AND THERE'S A FIVE DOLLAR REWARD FOR THE CORRECT ANSWER!
SO! I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THE KID'S ESCAPE!
DON'T YOU GET IT, LAME-BRAIN? IT'S A CODE FOR GIVING THESE CROOKS INSTRUCTIONS! THE ANSWER TO THIS ONE IS OBVIOUSLY "CHILDREN'S FARE," BUT TO THE CROOKS IT MUST HAVE MEANT "CHILDREN'S FAIR!"... WE'LL LISTEN TO THAT PROGRAM TONIGHT!
AND THAT NIGHT...
...AND FOR A CORRECT ANSWER TO TONIGHT'S RIDDLE, YOU GET FIVE DOLLARS... HERE IT IS: IN TWO WORDS, DESCRIBE OUR LARGEST RIVER'S WESTERN SIDE...
WHY, THAT'S A CINCH! THE ANSWER IS "RIGHT BANK!" BUT HOW.
YEAH... "RIGHT BANK" FOR ORDINARY LISTENERS, BUT WRIGHT BANK TO SMART DETECTIVES LIKE US!
7


SMART SLEUTHING, SLAM! THE NEXT DAY, AT THE WRIGHT NATIONAL BANK...
HERE'S DA JOINT! AN' IT LOOKS LIKE A SOFT TOUCH!
DA KID SURE KIN PICK 'EM! WELL... HAUL OUT DA CHOPPERS AN' LET'S GO!
BUT SUDDENLY...!
HERE'S A BLANKET ORDER FOR THREE NICE WARM CELLS!
IT'S A PLEASURE TO COVER THIS ASSIGNMENT!
HEY, SOMEONES PULLIN' THE WOOL OVER OUR EYES!
NOW TO SMOOTH OUT THE LUMPS!
AND HAND OUT A FEW LUMPS AS WELL!
OUCH! IT AIN'T FAIR HITTIN' A GUY WHAT'S TIED UP!
AND SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...
HERE Y'ARE, SERGEANT! THIS IS ONE CASE WE GOT IN THE BAG FOR YA!
NICE WORK, BOYS! THERE'S BEEN A REWARD OUT FOR THESE GUYS!
WE'LL BE AROUND TO COLLECT, TOO, BUT FIRST, WE HAVE ONE MORE THING TO TAKE CARE OF!
LATER THAT DAY, AT THE HOME OF THE JUVENILE GENIUS...
...AND THEY CONFESSED HOW THEY USED YOUR LOVE FOR SOCRATES TO MAKE YOU PLAN THEIR CRIMES AND CONTACT THEM THROUGH YOUR PROGRAM!
GENTLEMEN, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR FREEING ME FROM THEIR SCURRILOUS HOLD ON ME!
NICE DOGGY! NICE DOGGY!
ONE SIDE FRIEND! I GOTTA GET TO MY FAVORITE NEWSSTAND AND RESERVE MY COPY OF BATMAN №24!
ONE SIDE YOURSELF! D'YA THINK I'M TAKING ANY CHANCES ON MISSING IT?!?
WATCH FOR THIS!
BATMAN No. 24
BAT MAN
IN THIS ISSUE BATMAN AND ROBIN LEAD OFF WITH A TRULY UNUSUAL ADVENTURE-IN-TIME "IT HAPPENED IN ROME!"
AUG. SEPT. TEN CENTS



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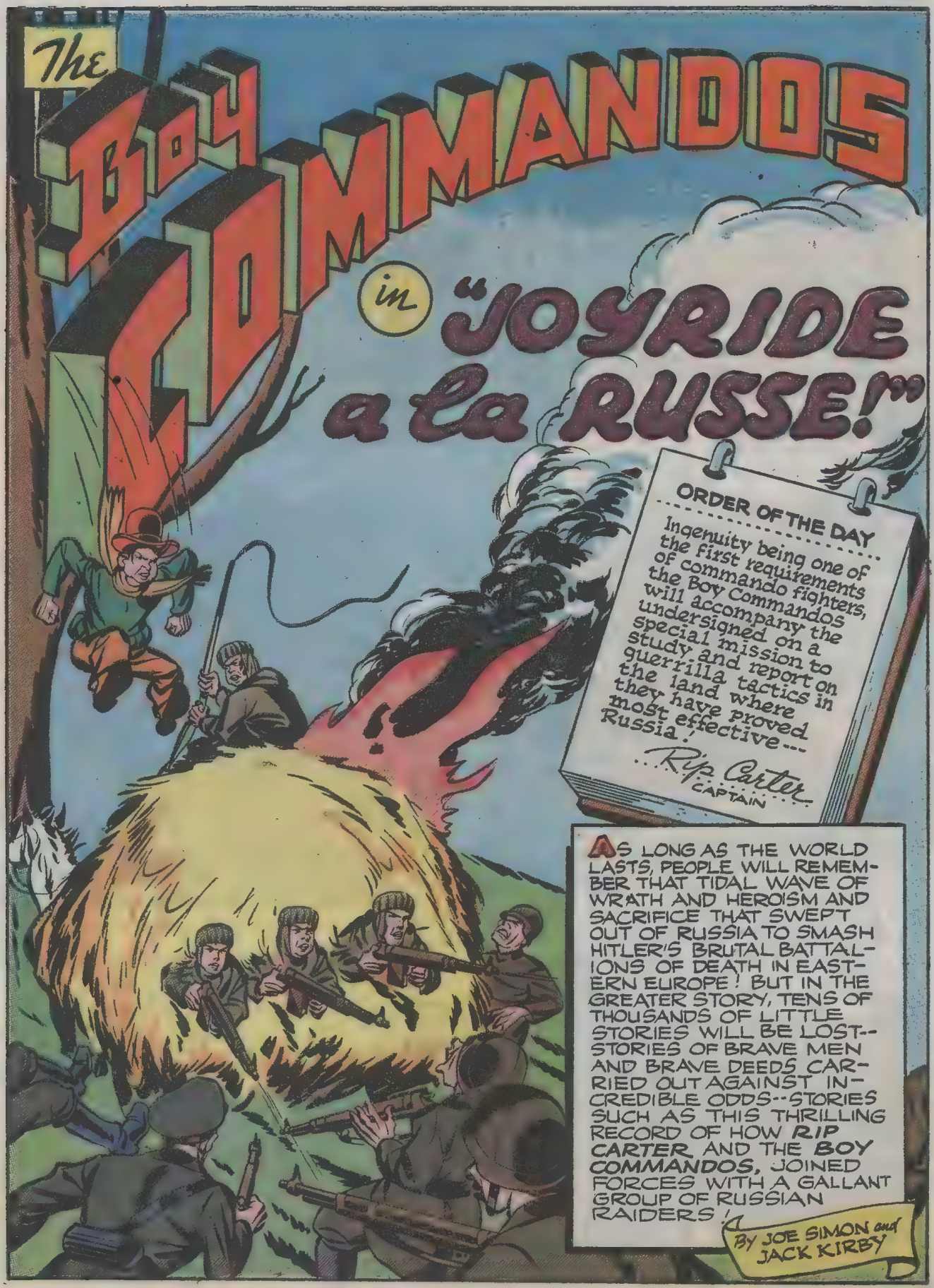
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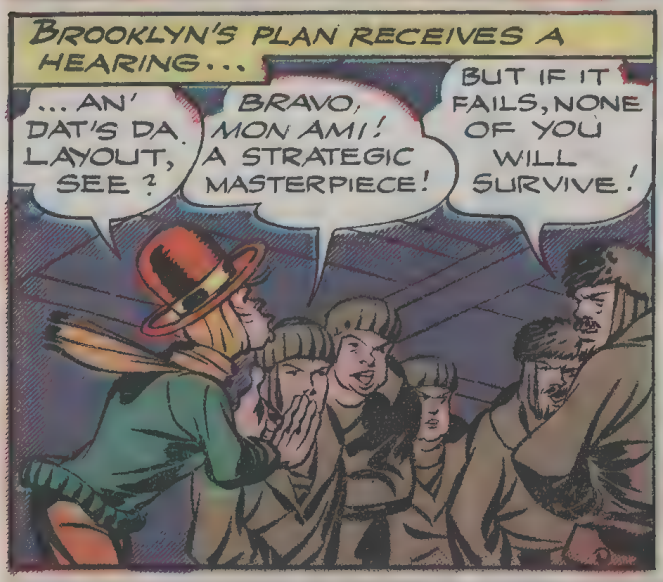
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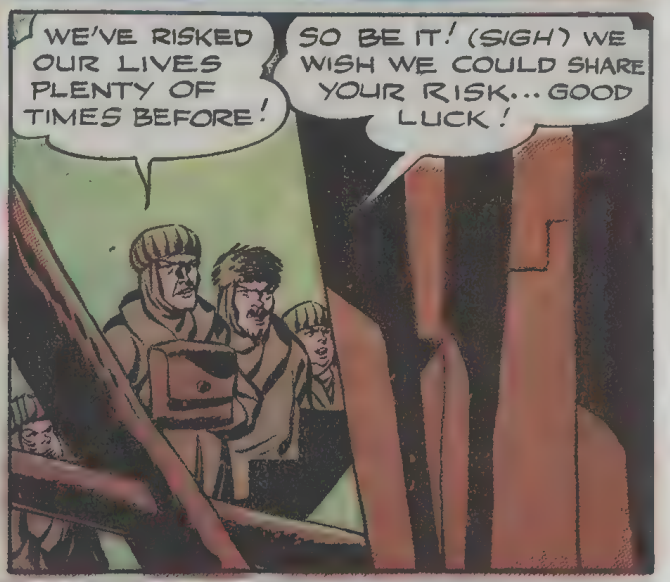

The BOY COMMANDOS
in "JOYRIDE a la RUSSE!"
ORDER OF THE DAY
Ingenuity being one of the first requirements of commando fighters, the Boy Commandos will accompany the undersigned on a special mission to study and report on guerrilla tactics in the land where they have proved most effective--- Russia!
Rip Carter
CAPTAIN
AS LONG AS THE WORLD LASTS, PEOPLE WILL REMEMBER THAT TIDAL WAVE OF WRATH AND HEROISM AND SACRIFICE THAT SWEPT OUT OF RUSSIA TO SMASH HITLER'S BRUTAL BATTALIONS OF DEATH IN EASTERN EUROPE! BUT IN THE GREATER STORY, TENS OF THOUSANDS OF LITTLE STORIES WILL BE LOST--STORIES OF BRAVE MEN AND BRAVE DEEDS CARRIED OUT AGAINST INCREDIBLE ODDS--STORIES SUCH AS THIS THRILLING RECORD OF HOW RIP CARTER AND THE BOY COMMANDOS, JOINED FORCES WITH A GALLANT GROUP OF RUSSIAN RAIDERS!
By JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY

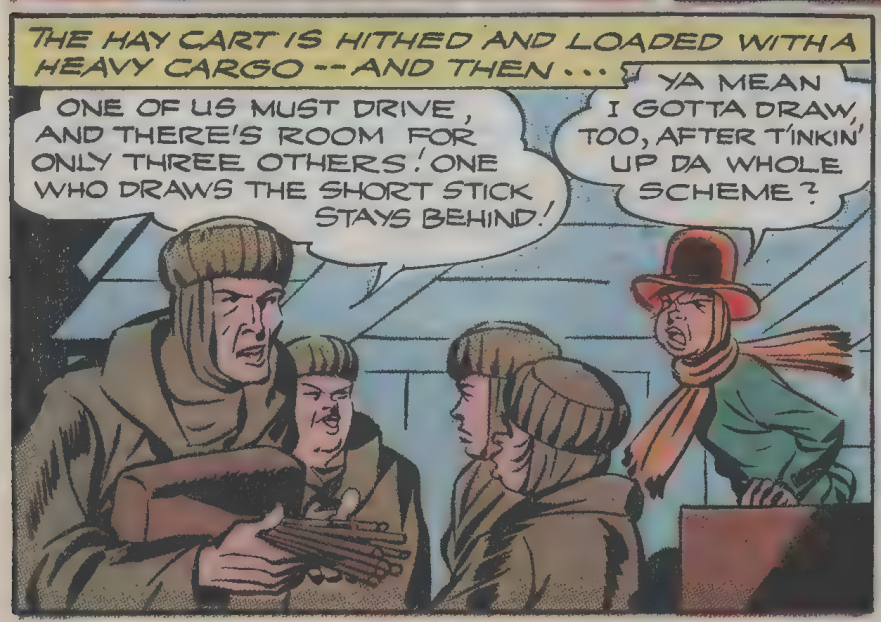

SOMEWHERE ON THE EASTERN FRONT, WHERE THE ANGRY THUNDER OF CANNON MAKES THE COLD AIR--AND THE COLD NAZIS--TREMBLE ...
AIN'T IT STRANGE HOW ROOSIA MAKES ME T'INK O' PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, IN DA WINTERTIME?
YOU SAY THERE'S A GUERRILLA BASE NEARBY, COLONEL?
EVEN NOW WE ARE UNDER THE OBSERV-ATION OF ITS SENTRIES!
GREETINGS, COMRADE COLONEL!
YOU SEE?
WHA--?
BLIMEY--THAT TREE'S H'ABOUT TO TOPPLE!
MAIS NON--EET EES ZE SECRET ENTRANCE! DO YOU NOT SEE ZE MAN AWAITING US?
AMAZING! NO WONDER THE NAZIS COULDN'T CLEAN THEM OUT!
THIS IS COMRADE IVAN, LEADER OF A GUERRILLA BAND!
ENTER COMRADES! ALL WHO HATE THE MURDEROUS INVADERS ARE WELCOME HERE!
THESE ARE MY SOLDIERS! COMRADE LEON HAS PERSON-ALLY ACCOUNTED FOR NEARLY A HUNDRED OF THE ENEMY, AND COMRADE OLGA COMES NEXT WITH A SCORE OF 83!
VOT! A VOMAN?
YA MEAN, WOTTA WOMAN, JAN!
OUR SMALLEST COMRADE, NICOLAI, HAS A MERE HALF DOZEN--BUT THEN, HE IS ONLY TWELVE!
BUT AS I GROW BIGGER, I GROW FIERCER!
LADDIE, ME 'AT'S H'OFF TO YE!
2


YOU HAVE ZE MATERIEL FOR ENDING ZE CAREER OF MANY MORE OF ZE BOCHE! I SEE DYNAMITE--GRENADES--TIME BOMBS--CASES OF CARTRIDGES!
YES--BUT OUR DEADLIEST WEAPON IS INGENUITY.!
AND THAT'S WHAT WE'RE INTERESTED IN!
WE WHO ESCAPED WHEN THE NAZIS BURNED OUR VILLAGE AND MURDERED OUR FAMILIES VOWED TO TAKE VENGEANCE!
YA MEAN, YA WAS GONNA TACKLE A WHOLE ARMY?
WE SPRAYED TREES WITH PETROL AND SAWED THEM NEARLY THROUGH, AND TIED WIRES TO THEM! ONE OF US LET HIMSELF BE CAPTURED TO GUIDE THE KILLERS INTO THE TRAP!
THEY CAME INTO THE WOODS--AND WE PULLED THE TREES DOWN ON THEM AND SET THEM AFIRE WITH TRACER BULLETS! NOT ONE ESCAPED!
CHEE!
I MYSELF SLIPPED INTO THE NAZI BASE ONE NIGHT AND BLEW UP THE AMMUNITION DUMP! BUT IT WAS NIGHT AND THE EXPLOSION ELIMINATED ONLY TWO SENTRIES!
NICKIE, YOU COULDA BEEN BORN IN BROOKLYN!
WE FOLLOW THE MOVEMENTS OF THE RED ARMY BY RADIO, AND TRY TO HELP WHERE WE CAN! IS ANYTHING COMING THROUGH, COMRADE?
YES--BUT IT IS A MESSAGE THAT SADDENS ME!
CAPTAIN KAREK AND FIFTY SOLDIERS CAPTURED THE RUINED TOWN OF LOVNO, IN ADVANCE OF OUR LINES--BUT A DIVISION OF NAZIS HAVE SURROUNDED THEM! CAPTAIN KAREK RADIOS THAT EIGHT OF THEM ARE STILL LIVING AND FIGHTING!
IT IS TOO BAD! KAREK IS A BRAVE MAN! RUSSIA WILL MISS HIM!

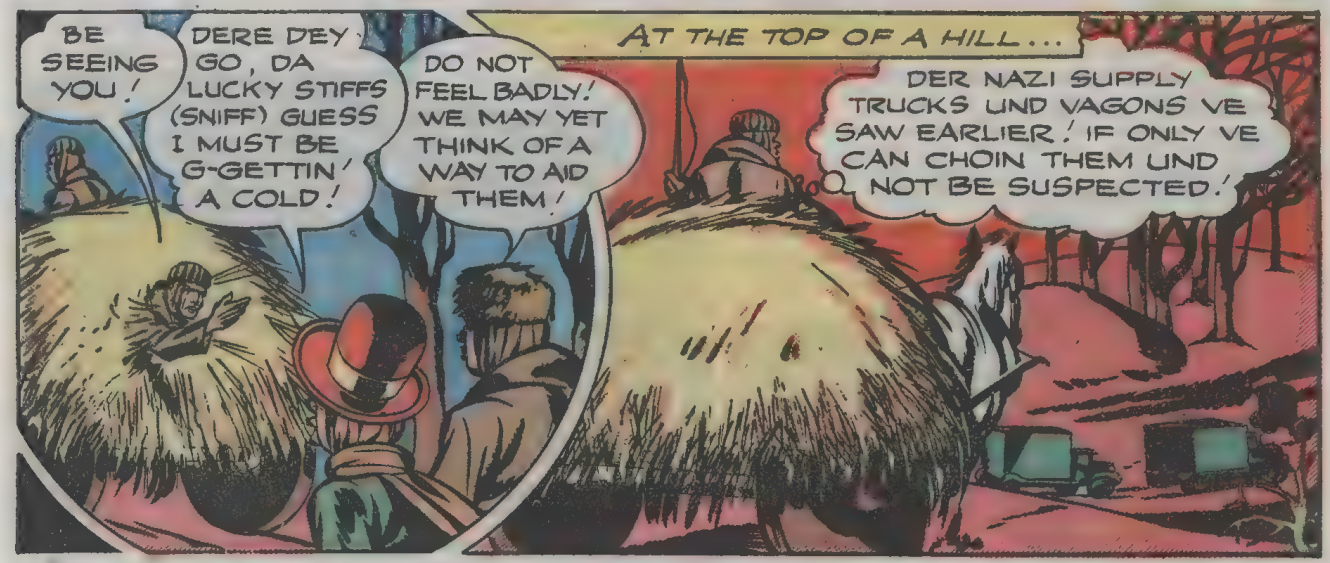

WE MUST RESCUE THEM, COMRADE IVAN!
NO, NICOLAI! OUR USE IS AS SECRET FIGHTERS, NOT ASSAULT TROOPS!
HUH? ASSAULT IS OUR SPECIALTY!
WHAT COULD WE DO AGAINST A NAZI DIVISION, BROOKLYN?
LISTEN! I GOT A RED-HOT IDEA! YA KNOW DAT HAY WAGON AN' HOSS WE SAW?...
WE HAD INTENDED TO SET TIME-BOMBS IN THE HAY AND LET THE ENEMY CAPTURE IT--BUT IF YOU KNOW A BETTER PLAN...


BROOKLYN'S PLAN RECEIVES A HEARING...
... AN' DAT'S DA LAYOUT, SEE?
BRAVO, MON AMI! A STRATEGIC MASTERPIECE!
BUT IF IT FAILS, NONE OF YOU WILL SURVIVE!

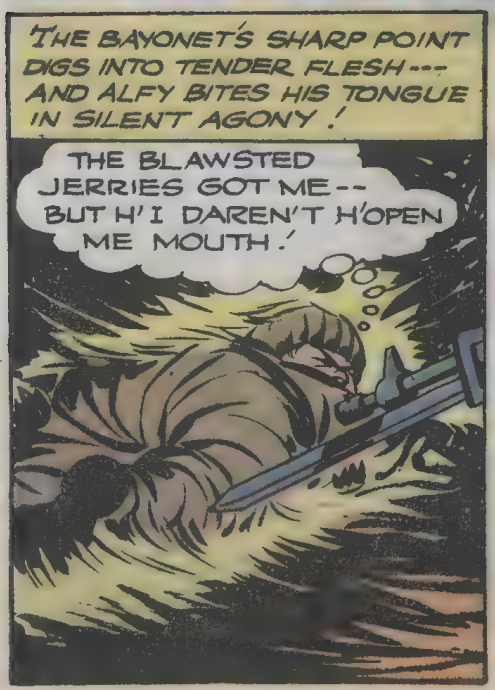

WE'VE RISKED OUR LIVES PLENTY OF TIMES BEFORE!
SO BE IT! (SIGH) WE WISH WE COULD SHARE YOUR RISK... GOOD LUCK!

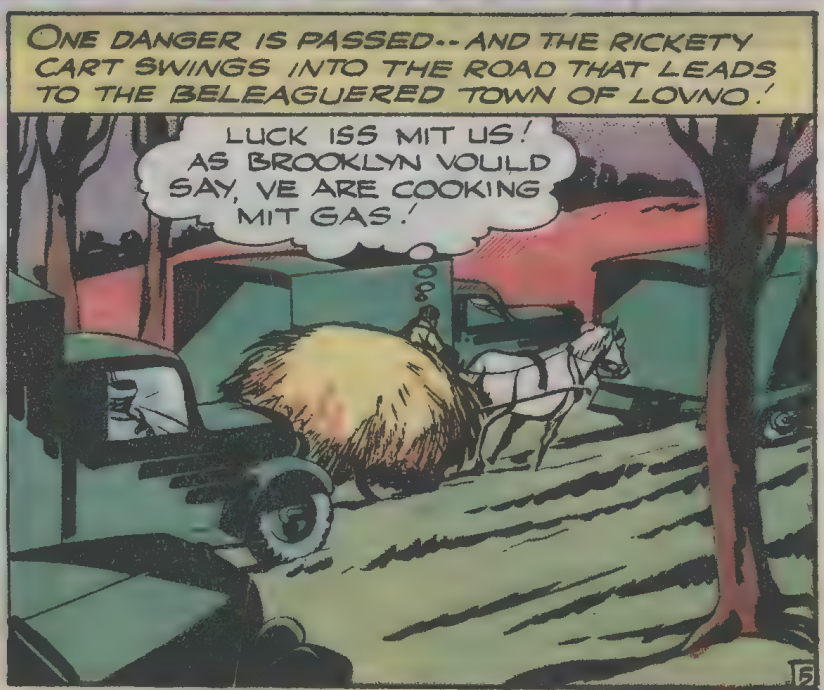

THE HAY CART IS HITHED AND LOADED WITH A HEAVY CARGO -- AND THEN...
ONE OF US MUST DRIVE, AND THERE'S ROOM FOR ONLY THREE OTHERS! ONE WHO DRAWS THE SHORT STICK STAYS BEHIND!
YA MEAN I GOTTA DRAW, TOO, AFTER T'INKIN' UP DA WHOLE SCHEME?


IT AIN'T FAIR! GIMME ANUDDER CHANCE! YA CAN'T DO DIS TA ME!
SORRY, FELLA--BUT THAT'S THE WAY THINGS GO SOME-TIMES!


BE SEEING YOU!
DERE DEY GO, DA LUCKY STIFFS (SNIFF) GUESS I MUST BE G-GETTIN' A COLD!
DO NOT FEEL BADLY! WE MAY YET THINK OF A WAY TO AID THEM!
AT THE TOP OF A HILL...
DER NAZI SUPPLY TRUCKS UND VAGONS VE SAW EARLIER! IF ONLY VE CAN CHOIN THEM UND NOT BE SUSPECTED!


HALTEN! EGGSPLAIN YOURSELF!
I VAS SENT TO FORAGE, HERR OBERLIEUTNANT, UND SEIZED THIS HAY FOR DER FUEHRER'S CAVALRY!
MAKE SURE NOTHING ISS CONCEALED WITHIN DER HAY!
JA, JA!
OOOHHH--I FEAR DER VORST!


THE BAYONET'S SHARP POINT DIGS INTO TENDER FLESH--- AND ALFY BITES HIS TONGUE IN SILENT AGONY!
THE BLAWSTED JERRIES GOT ME-- BUT H'I DAREN'T H'OPEN ME MOUTH!


ONE DANGER IS PASSED--AND THE RICKETY CART SWINGS INTO THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO THE BELEAGUERED TOWN OF LOVNO.
LUCK ISS MIT US! AS BROOKLYN VOULD SAY, VE ARE COOKING MIT GAS!

AS THE VALIANT ADVENTURERS JOG PAST WAITING MUNITIONS TRUCKS, RIP CAUTIOUSLY SOWS SEEDS OF DEATH ALONG THE WAY!

THESE LAND MINES ARE EQUIPPED WITH TIME FUSES... HOPE I'VE TIMED THE DISTANCE TO LOVNO RIGHT...

AND LUMBERING TRUCKS, COMING BEHIND THE HAY CART, HIDE ALL TRACES OF THE EXPLOSIVES!

FINALLY, NEAR THE POINT WHERE HITLER'S VETERANS HAVE BEEN STOPPED FOR HOURS BY THE FEROCITY OF A HANDFUL OF RED ARMY HEROES IN A RUINED VILLAGE A QUARTER-MILE AHEAD...

BACK, FOOL! DER HORSES SHOULD BE IN BACK! DO YOU VANT TO DRIVE STRAIGHT INTO DER FIRE OF DER RED DEVILS AHEAD?

ACH, HERR MAJOR-- I APOLOCHIZE!

NOW TO LIGHT DER MATCH MITOUT BEING SEEN!

FIRST DER SMOKE SCREEN...

FIRE! SMOKE! GET OUDT OF HERE, BEFORE YOU GIFF AVAY OUR POSITION TO DER ENEMY!

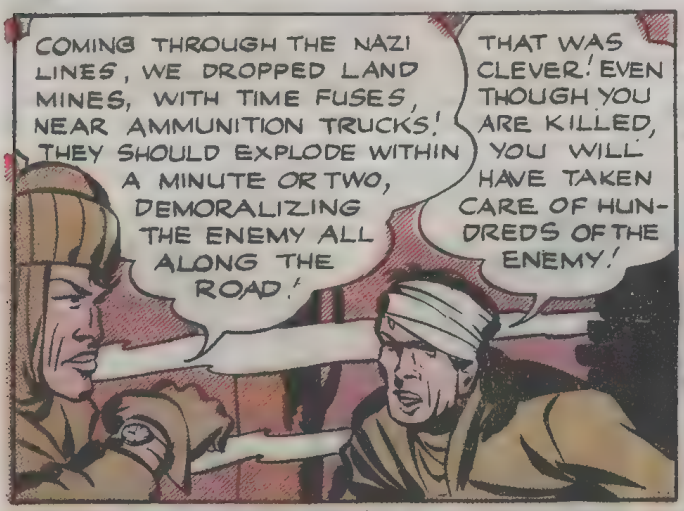
UND NEXT DER RUNAVAY!

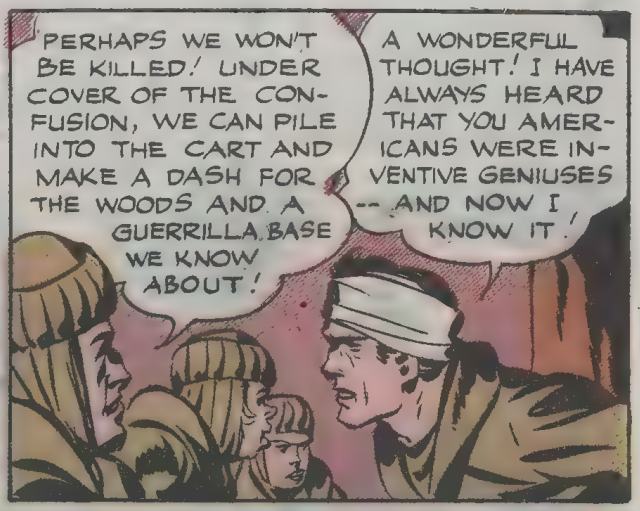
TOPPED WITH STREAMING FLAMES, CLOUDED IN THICK SMOKE, THE CLUMSY CART JOLTS AND JOUNCES ACROSS NO MAN'S LAND!

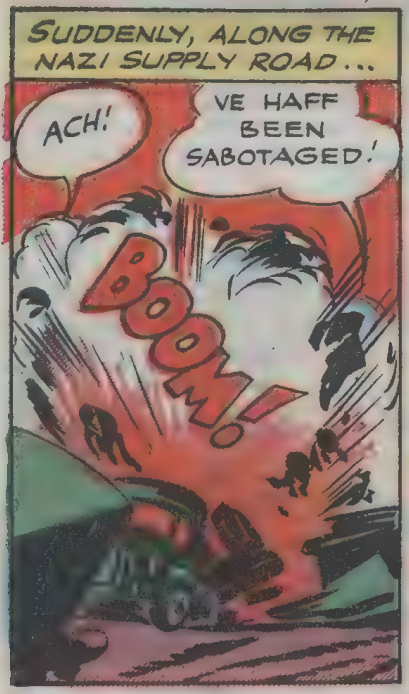
WHOA! I MEAN, GIDDAP!

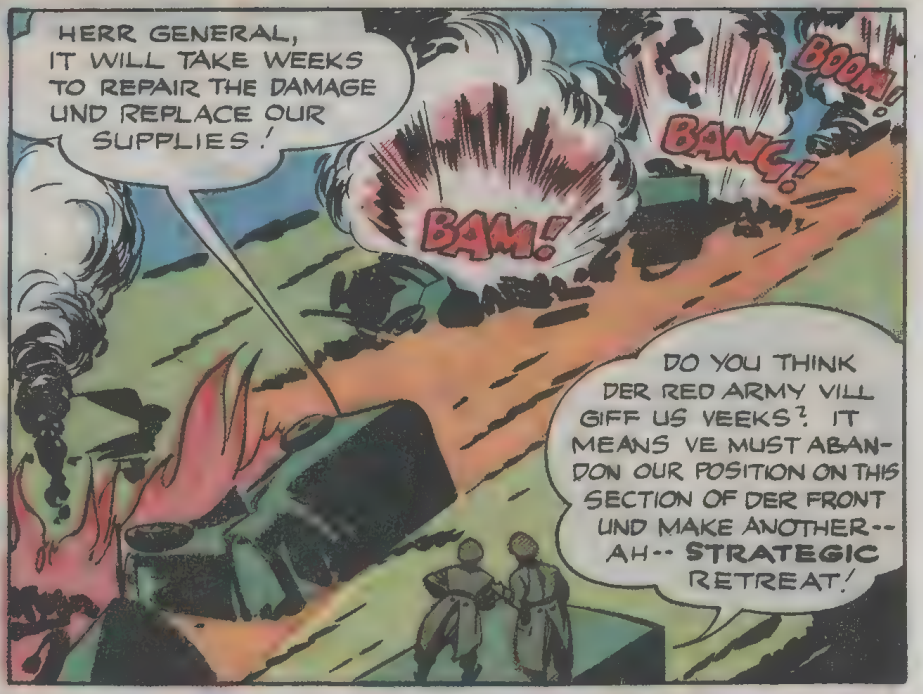
A RUNAVAY! IF DER SCHVEIN CANNOT TAKE BETTER CARE OF HIS LOAD THAN THAT, LET DER RUSSIANS SHOODT HIM!

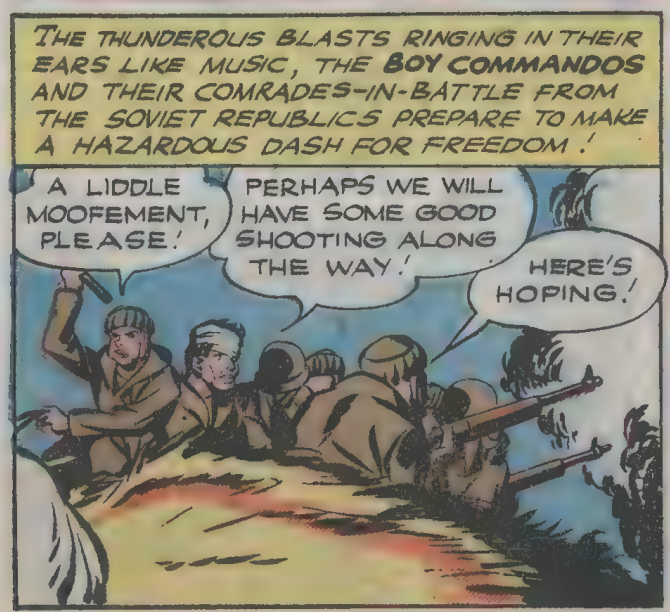

BESIDES THROWING A SCARE INTO THE RATZIS, THIS WILL LET OUR RED ARMY RAIDERS KNOW WE'RE FRIENDS!
H'I H'ONLY 'OPE ONE O' THESE SLUGS FINDS H'ITS WAY TO THAT 'EINIE WOT STABBED ME IN THE BACK!
MEANWHILE, BEHIND A HEAP OF RUBBLE IN THE VILLAGE SO LATELY RECAPTURED FROM THE GERMAN HORDES...
SEE, COMRADE CAPTAIN--A WAGON ON FIRE, RACING THIS WAY!
A NAZI TRICK! NO DOUBT THE WAGON WILL EXPLODE WHEN IT REACHES US! SHOOT THE HORSE!
DO NOT SHOOT! VE ARE FRIENDS--COMMANDOS!
WAIT! THERE ARE MEN IN THE WAGON, AND THEY ARE FIRING AT THE NAZIS!
AND SO, PRESENTLY...
QVICKLY! MEIN FRIENDS ARE IN DER HAY, UND ALSO EXPLOSIVES!
WHAT IS THIS? A BOY--AND HE SPEAKS LIKE A GERMAN!
I VILL HAFF YOU KNOW, SIR, I SPEAK LIKE A DUTCHMAN WHO VILL FIGHT TILL HOLLAND IS AVENGED!
AND THE REST OF US SPEAK LIKE FRENCHMEN, ENGLISHMEN AND AMERICANS, CAPTAIN!
YOU ARE ALL WELCOME--THOUGH WE HAVE NO WAY TO ENTERTAIN YOU HERE EXCEPT BY DYING!
WHERE ARE ZE OTHERS? ZE RADIO MESSAGE SAID EIGHT-
THAT WAS AN HOUR AGO! NOW THERE ARE BUT FOUR OF US--ALL WOUNDED!
COUNTIN' H'US, THAT MAKES H'EIGHT--H'EXCEPT THAT H'I'M WOUNDED, TOO!
7

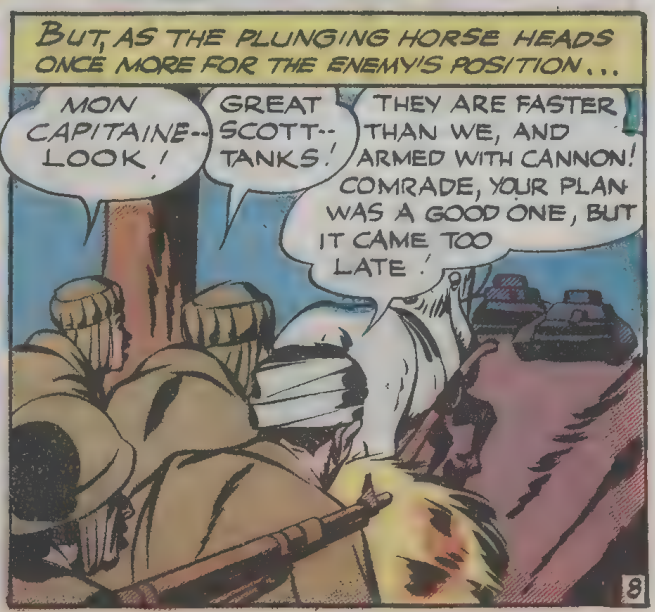

COMING THROUGH THE NAZI LINES, WE DROPPED LAND MINES, WITH TIME FUSES, NEAR AMMUNITION TRUCKS! THEY SHOULD EXPLODE WITHIN A MINUTE OR TWO, DEMORALIZING THE ENEMY ALL ALONG THE ROAD!
THAT WAS CLEVER! EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE KILLED, YOU WILL HAVE TAKEN CARE OF HUNDREDS OF THE ENEMY!


PERHAPS WE WON'T BE KILLED! UNDER COVER OF THE CONFUSION, WE CAN PILE INTO THE CART AND MAKE A DASH FOR THE WOODS AND A GUERRILLA BASE WE KNOW ABOUT!
A WONDERFUL THOUGHT! I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD THAT YOU AMERICANS WERE INVENTIVE GENIUSES -- AND NOW I KNOW IT!


SUDDENLY, ALONG THE NAZI SUPPLY ROAD...
ACH!
VE HAFF BEEN SABOTAGED!
BOOM!

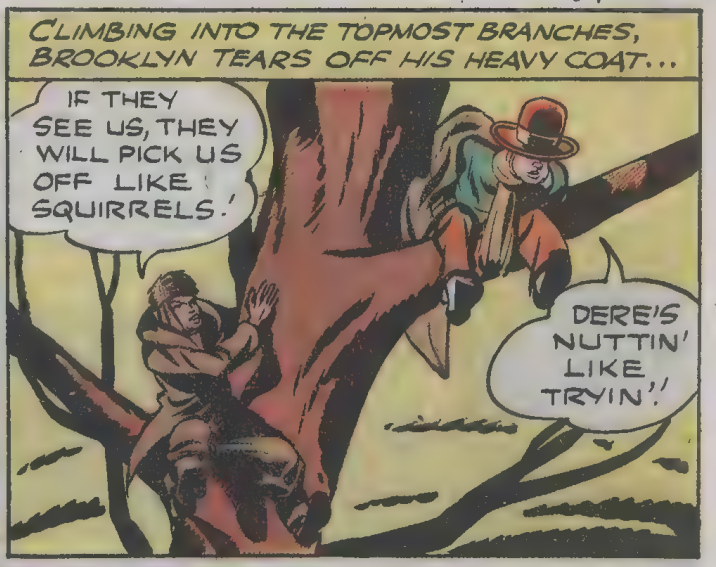

HERR GENERAL, IT WILL TAKE WEEKS TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE UND REPLACE OUR SUPPLIES!
BAM!
BANG!
BOOM!
DO YOU THINK DER RED ARMY VILL GIFF US VEEKS? IT MEANS VE MUST ABANDON OUR POSITION ON THIS SECTION OF DER FRONT UND MAKE ANOTHER -- AH -- STRATEGIC RETREAT!

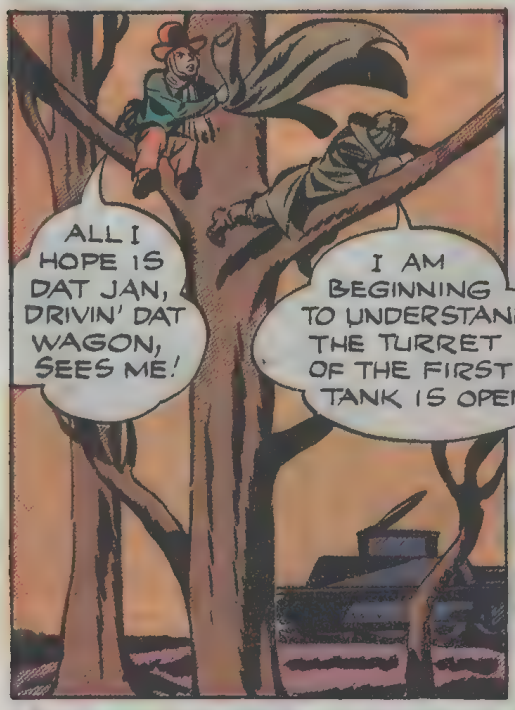

THE THUNDEROUS BLASTS RINGING IN THEIR EARS LIKE MUSIC, THE BOY COMMANDOS AND THEIR COMRADES-IN-BATTLE FROM THE SOVIET REPUBLICS PREPARE TO MAKE A HAZARDOUS DASH FOR FREEDOM!
A LIDDLE MOOFEMENT, PLEASE!
PERHAPS WE WILL HAVE SOME GOOD SHOOTING ALONG THE WAY!
HERE'S HOPING!

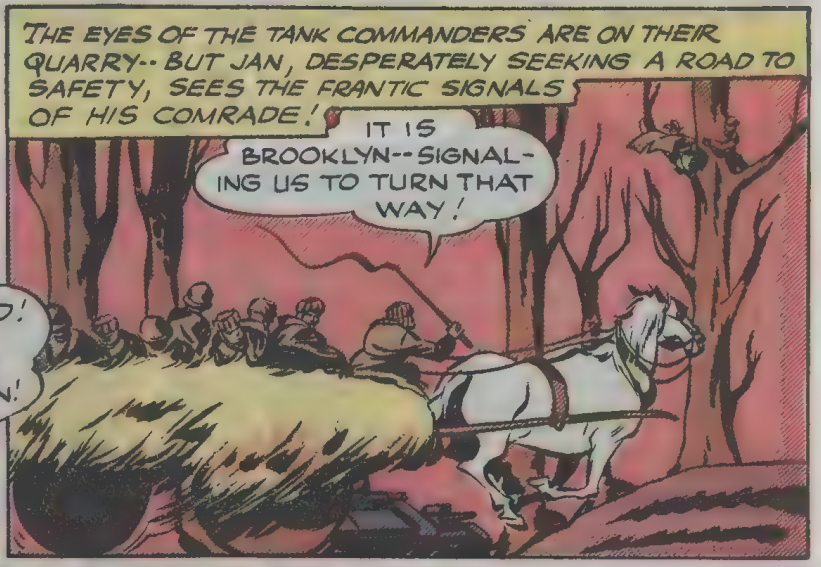

BUT, AS THE PLUNGING HORSE HEADS ONCE MORE FOR THE ENEMY'S POSITION...
MON CAPITAINE -- LOOK!
GREAT SCOTT -- TANKS!
THEY ARE FASTER THAN WE, AND ARMED WITH CANNON! COMRADE, YOUR PLAN WAS A GOOD ONE, BUT IT CAME TOO LATE!

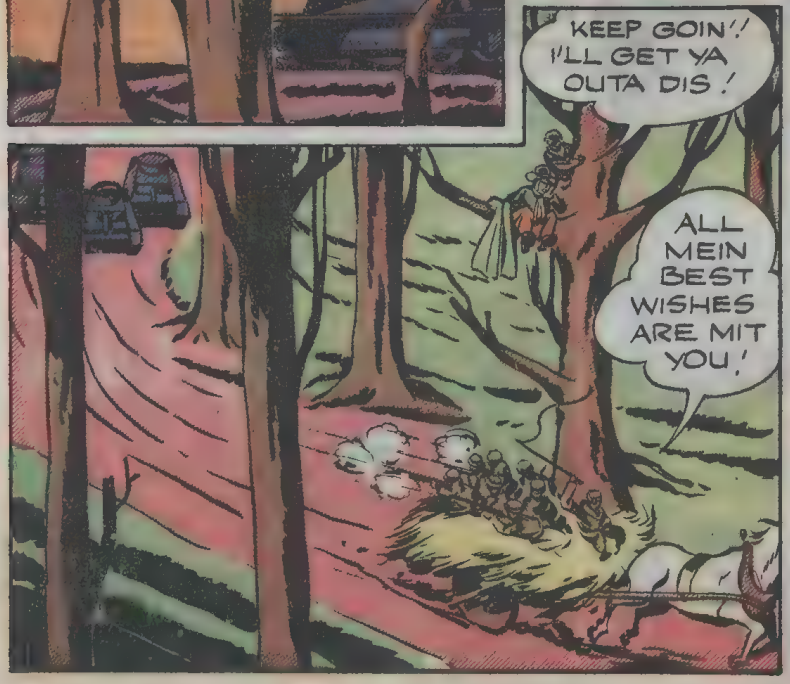

AND NOW, LET US RETURN TO THE WOODS, WHERE THE BROKEN-HEARTED BROOKLYN AND HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND AWAIT NEWS...
I TELL YA, NICKIE, DA WHOLE WOILD'S AGAINST ME!
CHEER UP, COMRADE! AT LEAST WE CAN GO TO THE EDGE OF THE WOOD AND WATCH FOR THEM!
WATCHIN' AIN'T DA SAME AS FIGHTIN'! STILL IT'S BETTER'N DOIN' NUTTIN'!
CAREFUL! IF A NAZI PATROL SHOULD SURPRISE US, WE WOULD BE SHOT ON SIGHT!
THAT IS LOVNO! DO YOU SEE ANY SIGNS OF THEM?
I SEE SMOKE! DAT MEANS DEY GOT DERE OKAY WIT' DA BOININ' HAY--T'ANKS TO ME BRAINS!
SUDDENLY...
THE MINES ARE EXPLODING!
AN' HERE COME ME PALS! YIPPEE! DEY'RE GONNA MAKE IT!
BUT THE NEXT MOMENT...
TANKS!
HUH?... DO DEM HEINIES T'INK DEY'RE GONNA BUMP OFF ME BUDDIES, AN' ME NOT WIT' 'EM?
THEY HAVEN'T A CHANCE! THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO!
OH, NO? FOLLA ME AN' SEE SOME MORE O' MY IN-GEEN-OO-ITY!


QUICK -- GIMME A BOOST!
OF COURSE -- BUT WHY?

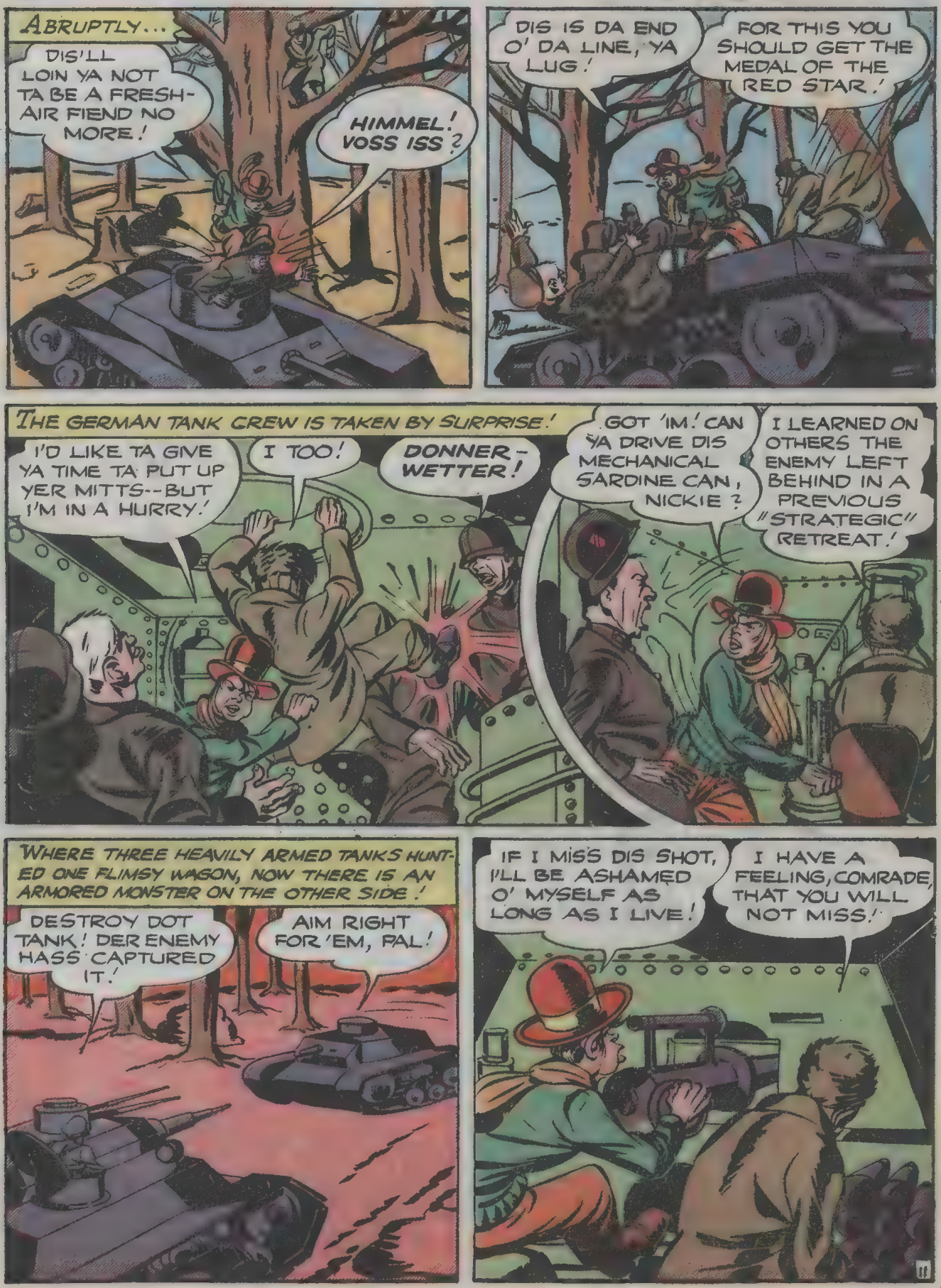

CLIMBING INTO THE TOPMOST BRANCHES, BROOKLYN TEARS OFF HIS HEAVY COAT...
IF THEY SEE US, THEY WILL PICK US OFF LIKE SQUIRRELS!
DERE'S NUTTIN' LIKE TRYIN'!

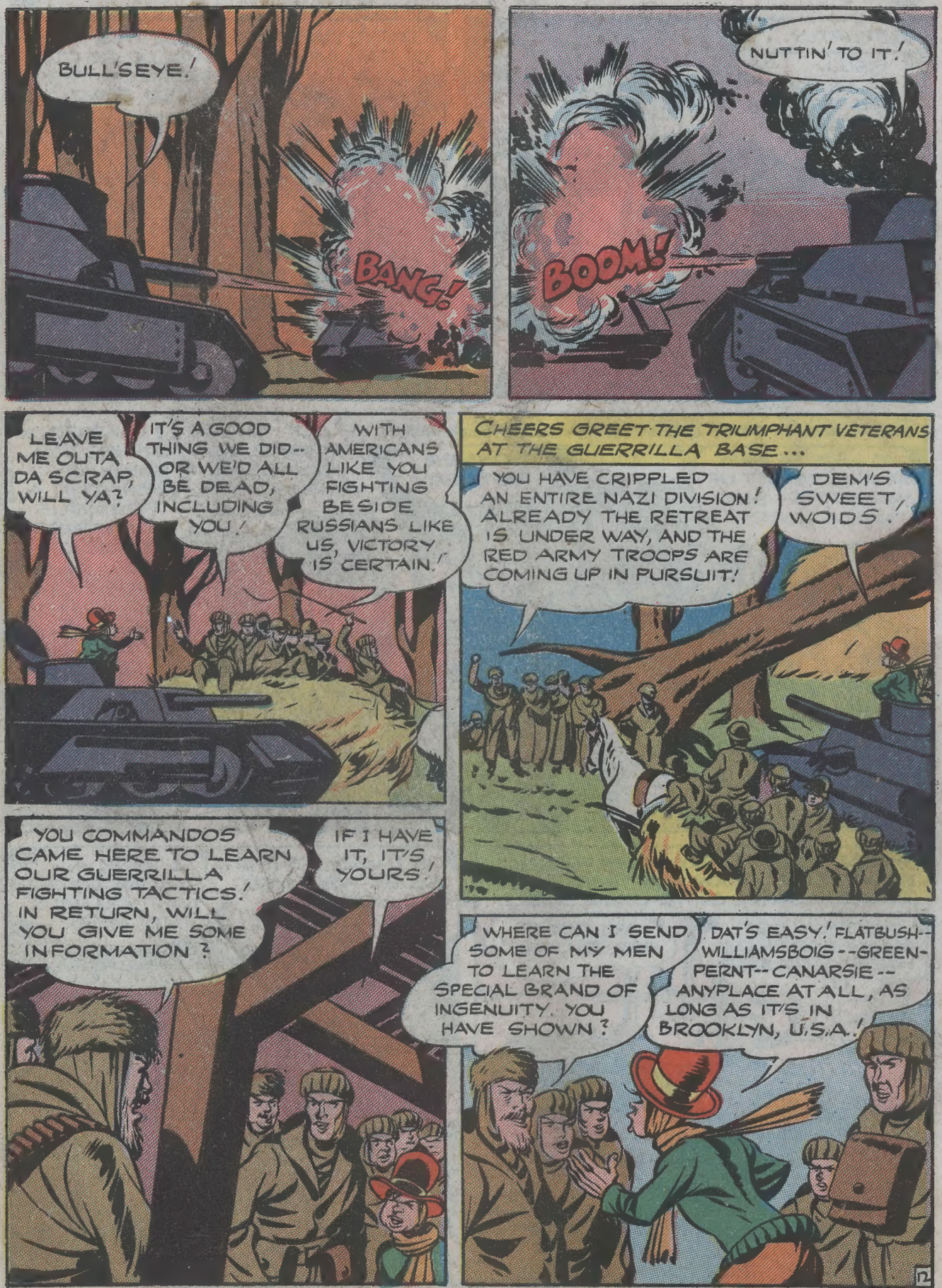

ALL I HOPE IS DAT JAN, DRIVIN' DAT WAGON, SEES ME!
I AM BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND! THE TURRET OF THE FIRST TANK IS OPEN!


THE EYES OF THE TANK COMMANDERS ARE ON THEIR QUARRY-- BUT JAN, DESPERATELY SEEKING A ROAD TO SAFETY, SEES THE FRANTIC SIGNALS OF HIS COMRADE!
IT IS BROOKLYN-- SIGNALING US TO TURN THAT WAY!


KEEP GOIN'! I'LL GET YA OUTA DIS!
ALL MEIN BEST WISHES ARE MIT YOU!


A NAZI TANK OFFICER DIRECTS OPERATIONS FROM AN OPEN TURRET...
VE CANNOT MISS AT THIS RANGE! PUT A SHELL FROM DER BIG CANNON RIGHT IN DER MIDDLE OF DER SCHVEIN!


ABRUPTLY...
DIS'LL LOIN YA NOT TA BE A FRESH-AIR FIEND NO MORE!
HIMMEL! VOSS ISS?
DIS IS DA END O' DA LINE, YA LUG!
FOR THIS YOU SHOULD GET THE MEDAL OF THE RED STAR!
THE GERMAN TANK CREW IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE!
I'D LIKE TA GIVE YA TIME TA PUT UP YER MITTS--BUT I'M IN A HURRY!
I TOO!
DONNER-WETTER!
GOT 'IM! CAN YA DRIVE DIS MECHANICAL SARDINE CAN, NICKIE?
I LEARNED ON OTHERS THE ENEMY LEFT BEHIND IN A PREVIOUS "STRATEGIC" RETREAT!
WHERE THREE HEAVILY ARMED TANKS HUNTED ONE FLIMSY WAGON, NOW THERE IS AN ARMORED MONSTER ON THE OTHER SIDE!
DESTROY DOT TANK! DER ENEMY HASS CAPTURED IT!
AIM RIGHT FOR 'EM, PAL!
IF I MISS DIS SHOT, I'LL BE ASHAMED O' MYSELF AS LONG AS I LIVE!
I HAVE A FEELING, COMRADE, THAT YOU WILL NOT MISS!


BULL'SEYE!
BANG!
NUTTIN' TO IT!
BOOM!
LEAVE ME OUTA DA SCRAP, WILL YA?
IT'S A GOOD THING WE DID-- OR WE'D ALL BE DEAD, INCLUDING YOU!
WITH AMERICANS LIKE YOU FIGHTING BESIDE RUSSIANS LIKE US, VICTORY IS CERTAIN!
CHEERS GREET THE TRIUMPHANT VETERANS AT THE GUERRILLA BASE...
YOU HAVE CRIPPLED AN ENTIRE NAZI DIVISION! ALREADY THE RETREAT IS UNDER WAY, AND THE RED ARMY TROOPS ARE COMING UP IN PURSUIT!
DEM'S SWEET, WOIDS!
YOU COMMANDOS CAME HERE TO LEARN OUR GUERRILLA FIGHTING TACTICS! IN RETURN, WILL YOU GIVE ME SOME INFORMATION?
IF I HAVE IT, IT'S YOURS!
WHERE CAN I SEND SOME OF MY MEN TO LEARN THE SPECIAL BRAND OF INGENUITY YOU HAVE SHOWN?
DAT'S EASY! FLATBUSH--WILLIAMSBOIG--GREENPERNT--CANARSIE--ANYPLACE AT ALL, AS LONG AS IT'S IN BROOKLYN, U.S.A.!

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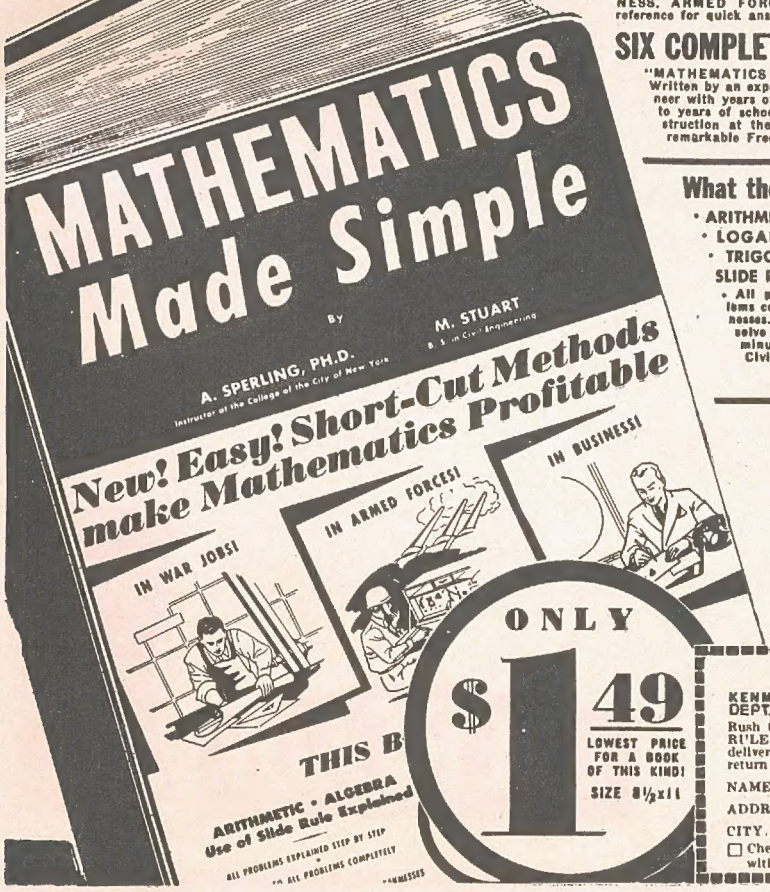
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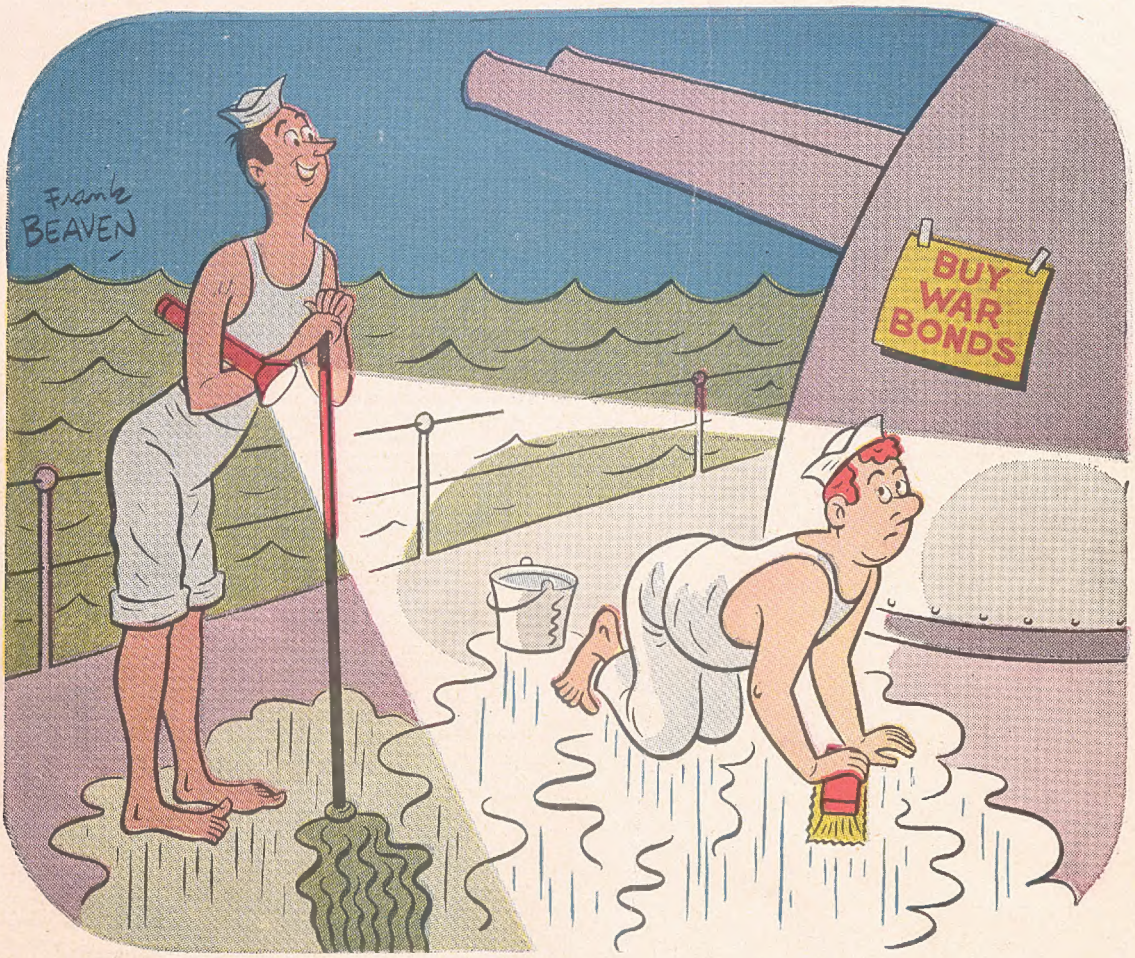
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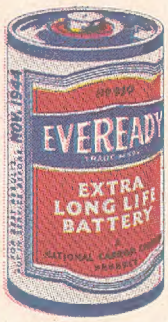


"Say, Red, do you suppose this is what the military authorities mean by 'mopping-up' operations?"

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